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CARLISLE
OLD AND NEW

CARLISLE
OLD AND NEW

BY THE CIVIC CLUB OF
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA

PRINTED BY
J. HORACE McFARLAND COMPANY
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
1907

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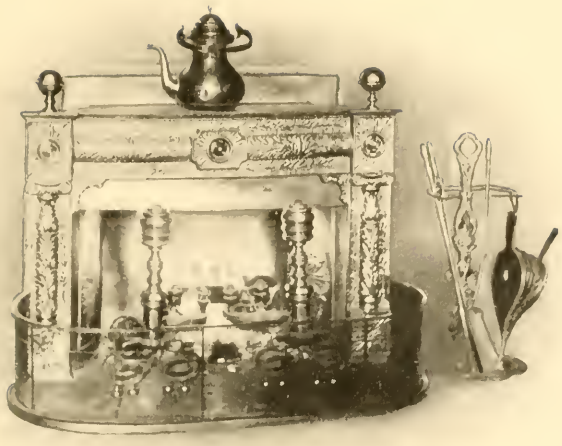
CARLISLE
OLD AND NEW



Old Fireplace in the Home of Mr. Joseph Bosler

FOREWORD

AS a venerable dame in reminiscent mood, sitting some firelit evening in a circle of her friends, might gather in her hands a few pictures of some one whom they greatly love, and showing first those made in earliest days, should add to them a little tale, proceeding thus with word and picture lightly through the entire life,—so it has been essayed by the Civic Club of Carlisle to tell with much simplicity, in this little volume, the life-story of their town.

This idea was the outcome of a desire to pre-

serve in permanent form one of the lectures of their entertainment course. For not content with working solely for the town's material good, they have for several years brought some of the celebrated entertainers of the day to brighten and enliven the long winter evenings.

Always included in the number was one of her own citizens, for loyalty to Carlisle has ever been a conspicuous trait of those who dwell there.

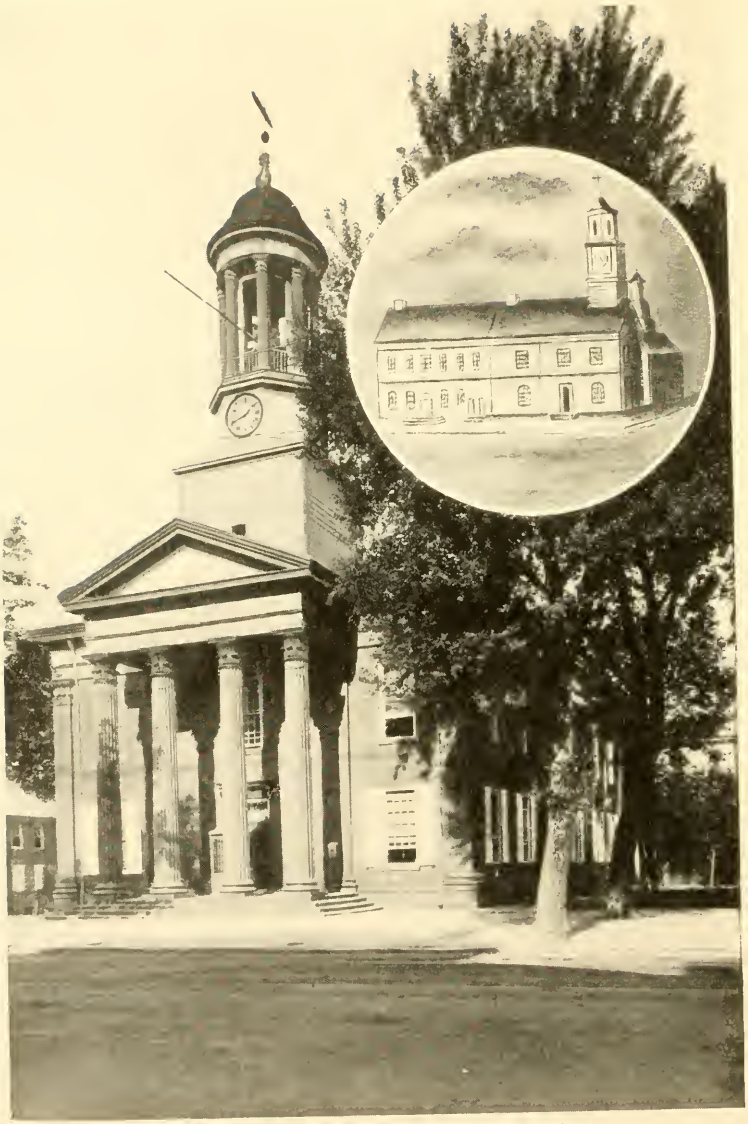
Then, to show still further this loyalty and devotion, one evening was given entirely to an address upon the town herself. On a great screen, one of her most distinguished sons flashed pictures of the old and new Carlisle, the while he told the story of her life.

This pictured story the Club wished to preserve; but learning that only the introduction to the lecture had been committed to writing, and that the remarks about the pictures had been drawn on the instant by the speaker from his richly stored memory of the town's life, the Club decided to put first within their book his introduction, and then to write the story for themselves.

In no sense was it intended to write a history.

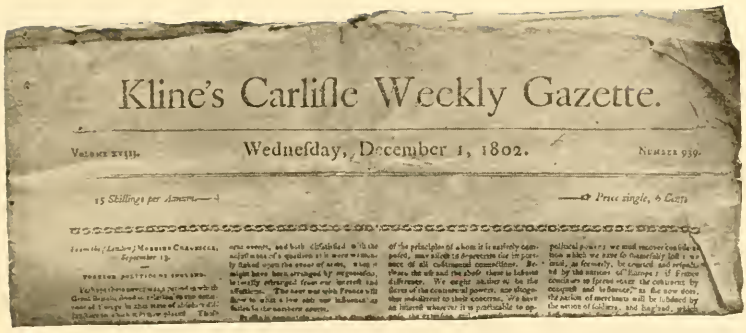
but rather to follow the example of the fireside dame in giving a simple pictured outline of Carlisle's long life. And so the story is offered, with the pictures and the lecture's introduction, to all who know her, in loving memory of old Carlisle.

Old Street Pump



Present Court House Built in 1845-46

Old Court House Built in 1765-66, with Office Annex
Added in 1801-02. Old Town Hall on the Right
All Destroyed by Fire, March 24, 1845


Kline's Carlisle Weekly Gazette.

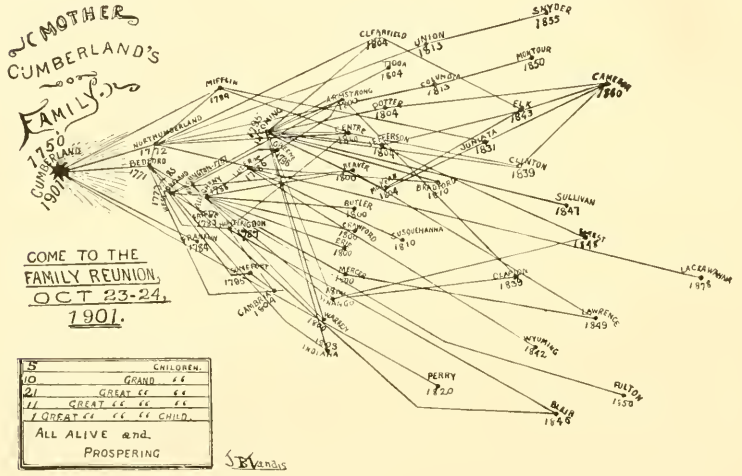
Wednesday, December 1, 1802.

I

ADDRESS BY THE HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE

BEFORE speaking of Carlisle Old and New, it is desirable that I should briefly narrate how Carlisle happened to be called into existence in its present location. By virtue of an act of assembly passed on January 27, 1750, the western portion of Lancaster county was erected into a new county called Cumberland, whose broad limits embraced all the land within the province of Pennsylvania lying west of the Susquehanna River, except that which was in the county of York, out of which the county of Adams has since been formed. In connection with the sesquicentennial exercises which were held in Carlisle in the fall of 1901, the late Captain John B. Landis

prepared an instructive diagram showing that, of the sixty-seven counties in this commonwealth, forty-eight have been carved out of the territory which once belonged to Old Mother Cumberland.



Five men were named in the act as trustees, with authority to purchase a piece of land in some convenient part of the county, to be approved of by the Governor, and to build thereon a court-house and a prison. One of the trustees lived near the Susquehanna River, one near Shippensburg, two in the present Franklin County, and the fifth at a point now unknown.

Prior to 1750, the inhabitants of the new

district had been compelled to travel to far-away Lancaster to transact their legal business, occasioning them much inconvenience and expense. Therefore, as soon as Cumberland County was created, the first and most important matter to be disposed of was the locating of the county seat, where a court-house and prison would be built. And here came the rub! Five different places were mentioned as desirable sites, each having its adherents, these being as follows in their order from east to west: 1st, on or near the west bank of the Susquehanna River; 2d, at Le Tort's Spring, where we are now assembled; 3d, at Big Spring, where Newville has since been developed; 4th, at Shippensburg; 5th, at Conococheague Creek, on the great road to Virginia, about eighteen miles west of Shippensburg.

Believed to be the Oldest Home in Carlisle (Church Alley)

The location on or near the river was never seriously considered, because of its distance from the main body of

the county. We have no evidence that there was any special pressure brought to bear upon the trustees in behalf of either that point or Le Tort's Spring or Big Spring; but there was a vigorous effort made by the citizens living in and beyond Shippensburg to have said town or the Conococheague Creek selected. As a majority of the trustees lived in that neighborhood, the Conococheague location was finally decided upon as the most advantageous, with Shippensburg as second choice, the other three places being deemed to lie too far east. If this decision had been accepted, any town established here would to-day be of insignificant size and small importance; it would be destitute of the glorious history and traditions which are our inalienable heritage; and it would not be called Carlisle, because that name was reserved for the county seat.

But Governor James Hamilton, whose approval was necessary, assumed arbitrarily and firmly the right to ignore the opinion of the trustees and to select the site himself, and awarded the coveted prize to Le Tort's Spring. In a letter to Nicholas Scull, surveyor-general, dated April 1, 1751, he gave the reasons for this selection, and directed

him to proceed to the spring, which is about four miles in length, and in conjunction with Thomas Cookson, his deputy, to find out "the properest place for the site of the town." He also directed the surveyor-general not to fix absolutely or publish any particular place, but to make a draft of the site chosen and adjacent country and submit it to him for the exercise of his own judgment. Messrs. Scull and Cookson performed the duty imposed on them with such good judgment that the governor ratified their choice of a place, and we are here to-night in that town of which they made the original draft in the spring of 1751. Ten descendants of Nicholas Scull are residents of Carlisle at the present time.

The contention concerning the fixing of the county seat did not end with the ratification of the work of the two surveyors. Later in the year 1751, a petition from the commissioners and assessors of the county, who claimed to represent "the far greater part of the inhabitants," was presented to the general assembly, asking relief from the governor's ill-advised course in removing the courts of justice to LeTort's Spring, "a place almost at one end of the county." No action was taken on

the petition, and the controversy appears to have then terminated.

Shippensburg at this time was quite a flourishing village, whilst the land selected for the county town was mere vacant plantation land, somewhat covered by timber, with a dilapidated stockade on it and perhaps one or two log cabins. For several years after its birth it grew very slowly. The only information we have as to its condition during that period is gleaned from a letter written from Carlisle on May 27, 1753, by John O'Neal to Governor Hamilton, the former having been sent to Carlisle on public business. The letter states: "The garrison here consists only of twelve men. The stockade originally occupied two acres of ground square, with a block-house in each corner: these buildings are now in ruins. As Carlisle has been recently laid out, and is the established seat of justice, it is the general opinion that a number of log buildings will be erected during the ensuing summer on speculation, in which some accommodation can be had for the new levies. The number of dwelling-houses is five. The court is at present held in a temporary log building on the northeast corner of the centre square. If the lots were clear of

brushwood, it would give a different aspect to the town. The situation, however, is handsome, in the center of a valley with a mountain bounding it on the north and south, at a distance of seven miles. The wood consists principally of oak and hickory. The limestone will be of great advantage to the future settlers, being in abundance. A lime-kiln stands on the centre square, near what is called the deep quarry, from which is obtained good building stone.

"A large stream of water (Conodoguinet Creek) runs about two miles from the village, which may at a future period be rendered navigable. A fine spring flows to the east, called LeTort, after the Indian interpreter who settled on its head about the year 1720. The Indian wigwams in the vicinity of the great Beaver pond (Bonny Brook) are to me an object of particular curiosity. A large number of the Delawares, Shawanese and Tuscaroras continue in this vicinity; the greater number have gone to the west." When O'Neal wrote this letter, little did he think that it would have a permanent place in the historical literature of the town.

Early in October of the same year, a four

days' conference with the Indians was held here,—Richard Peters, Isaac Norris and Benjamin Franklin representing the Province. Franklin thus speaks of it in his autobiography:

"Being commissioned, we went to Carlisle and met the Indians accordingly. As those people are extremely apt to get drunk, and when so are very quarrelsome and disorderly, we strictly forbade the selling any liquor to them; and when they complained of this restriction, we told them, if they would continue sober during the treaty, we would give them plenty of rum when the business was over. They promised this, and they kept their promise, because they could get no rum; and the treaty was conducted very orderly and concluded to mutual satisfaction. They then claimed and received the rum; this was in the afternoon. They were near one hundred men, women and children, and were lodged in temporary cabins, built in the form of a square, just without the town. In the evening, hearing a great noise among them, the commissioners walked out to see what was the matter. We found they had made a great bonfire in the middle of the square; they were all drunk, men and women quarrelling and fighting. Their

dark-colored bodies, seen only by the gloomy light of the bonfire, running after and beating one another with firebrands, accompanied by their horrid yellings, formed a scene the most resembling our ideas of an inferno that could well be imagined." He concludes that "if it be the design of Providence to extirpate these savages in order to make room for the cultivators of the earth, it seems not impossible that rum may be the appointed means. It has already annihilated all the tribes who formerly inhabited the sea-coast."

There is not time this evening to go into detail concerning Carlisle in the first century of its life, or to refer specifically to its most prominent citizens or principal events. One general fact is patent, namely, that the town owes not only its existence, but its subsequent growth and prosperity, to the circumstance that it was constituted the county seat. By reason thereof it was made at the outstart a military base, as well as the place at which the courts must sit, and jurymen, parties litigant, lawyers and witnesses periodically assemble; and naturally the United States barracks was established here later, the initial labor on which (according to

tradition) was done by Hessian prisoners, who were captured at Trenton on the morning of December 26, 1776. It by degrees became so prominent that the public-spirited men who decided in 1783 to found a college west of the Susquehanna River had no difficulty in selecting Carlisle as the most suitable location for it.

General William Irvine

It is a remarkable coincidence that at practically the same time, about the beginning of 1769, two persons should have taken up their residence in Carlisle who were destined to become the most famous citizens we have ever had. They were absolutely unlike in every respect. One was James Wilson, a brilliant and highly educated Scotchman, who came in to practice law at the age of twenty-six; the other was Mary Ludwig, afterward renowned as "Molly Pitcher," who arrived from

James Wilson

New Jersey as a domestic servant at the age of fourteen. The former, forceful, learned and ambitious, became distinguished because of his great ability and the important services he rendered to his adopted country; the latter, because of a mere incident which would have passed without notice if the actor had been a man.

Where Molly Pitcher Lived

In 1776, at the age of thirty-three, Wilson was one of the Immortals who signed the Declaration of Independence; two years later Mary Ludwig, twenty-three years of age, gained undying fame at the battle of Monmouth (New Jersey) by carrying water to the thirsty soldiers in a pitcher, whence her sobriquet of "Molly Pitcher," and also by acting as gunner in a battery. She is represented in bronze, on the base of the battlefield monument at Monmouth, in the act of charging a cannon.

To-day the remains of Wilson lie in the graveyard of Christ Church, Philadelphia, in which they were reinterred by the side of his wife on November 22, 1906, with great ceremonial, having been brought from North Carolina for that purpose by a grateful people. The remains of humble Molly Pitcher rest in the old graveyard in Carlisle, where they were originally buried, the spot being marked by a gravestone which was erected by the citizens of this county on July 4, 1876, and by a cannon and flagstaff which were placed there with imposing exercises on June 28, 1905, by the Patriotic Order of Sons of America. Peace to the ashes of both!

Grave of Molly Pitcher

The Rev. Charles Nisbet, D.D., the first pres-

ident of Dickinson College, gave a very doleful account, in his letters to Scotland, of the character of the people here. Writing from Carlisle in 1790, he said:

Dr. Nisbet, Dickinson's First President

"We have no men of learning nor taste, & of religious people the fewest of all. Every thing here is on a dead level, & there is no distinction except wealth, which few people possess here, tho' many live in luxury. I cannot hear of a man who is rich enough to pay his debts or to keep his engagements. All characters are equal: No degree of vice can make a man infamous, nor could the highest degree of virtue & piety procure any respect to its owner. . . . As to doctrine, every one preaches what he pleases; & if he speaks loud enough & does not meddle with morality, his hearers will bear with him,—at least till they have got three or four years' salary in his debt, and then

they will use him like a dog till he is obliged to seek another congregation."

This is but a sample of the general tenor of the correspondence of the good doctor, who was unable to discover much that was admirable in the habits or modes of life of those around him.

In 1786 an act of assembly was adopted, reducing the extreme severity of the system of punishments which had prevailed since the foundation of the Province. Until that year there stood in Carlisle,—probably in the centre square near the courthouse,—a whipping-post, a pillory and a stocks, similar to those used in England. One of the most frequently perpetrated crimes is larceny, and prior to 1786 part of the penalty therefor was public whipping. The law provided that for the first offence of that kind the culprit should be publicly whipped on his bare back, with stripes well laid on, not exceeding twenty-one; for the second offence the number of stripes should be not less than twenty-one nor more than forty, and for the third offence not less than thirty-nine nor more than fifty. The most serious transgressions, such as murder, robbery, burglary and arson, and what some people

regarded as the especially grave one of witchcraft, were punishable by death.

The county records disclose that, down to the year 1785 inclusive, at which time the public whippings ceased, one hundred and fifty-three convicts were sent to the whipping-post in Carlisle and received lashes varying in number from five to thirty-nine, the average being twenty. Of these criminals, seventeen were further sentenced to stand in the pillory for one hour, and six of them had to pay the additional penalty of having both ears cut off and nailed to the pillory. The latter punishment could not be inflicted for simple larceny, but was imposed on those convicted of horse-stealing or passing counterfeit money, the counterfeiter himself being subject to the death penalty. The frequent commission of these two crimes at that period, often involving much loss to innocent persons, made it incumbent on the assembly to adopt drastic measures for their suppression. The following sentence, pronounced October 18, 1785, on a man who was convicted of stealing a horse, will serve as an illustration of the way in which offenders were compelled to do penance:

"Judgment that the prisoner, Daniel Clayton, be taken from hence to the jail and from thence on Wednesday, the 30th of November next, between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock, A.M., be taken to the common whipping-post, that he stand in the pillory one hour, have both his ears cut off and nailed to the pillory, and then and there receive thirty-nine lashes on his back well laid on, restore the horse stolen to the owner, if not already done, or the value thereof, pay a like value to the President of the State for support of Government, pay costs of prosecution and stand committed until the whole be complied with."

These statistics on the subject of corporal punishment in old Carlisle have never before been compiled or made public, and I am able to supplement them with some information concerning the capital punishments at that early time, which has also laid hidden until now. Undoubtedly there were a great many executions here before and during the Revolution; but as the law required at least one member of the supreme court to preside at trials where the penalty involved was death, the records were kept in that court, and

there is not even a memorandum of them in the court below. I succeeded in finding in the supreme court-rooms in Philadelphia a criminal docket commencing in 1778,—the older dockets not being there,—which shows that for the nine years from 1779 to 1787, inclusive, eleven men and two women were sentenced in this town to be hanged. One of the women was a slave, designated in the indictment as "Negroe Suckey." Three of the condemned had been found guilty of murder, three of robbery, two of burglary, two of counterfeiting, one of rape, one of arson, and one of an unmentionable offence.

Elm Tree on Waggoner's Gap Road

The mention of Negroe Suckey recalls the fact that there used to be quite a number of slaves in Carlisle. A statute was adopted in 1780 providing for the gradual abolition of slavery

in this Commonwealth, but in 1800 there were still 228 in this county, and there was one as late as 1842.

It is a singular fact, not generally known, that the early judges of this state, with the exception of the members of the supreme court, were not lawyers. Our county judges were selected from farmers and other laymen and were known as justices of the peace,—the statute requiring that at least three of them should preside at trials. Further, the number holding office at the same time was not controlled by a fixed rule; for instance, in 1750 eleven were appointed; in 1764, nineteen; in 1770, twenty-nine; in 1771, twenty-three. Occasionally about a dozen were on the bench at one time, although this was rare, and accomplished advocates were compelled to address their legal arguments to judges who had never read a law-book. For forty-one years after the erection of Cumberland County this strange condition of affairs continued, until finally an act of assembly was passed on April 13, 1791, providing that the president judge in each district should be "a person of knowledge and integrity, skilled in the laws." Since that date, the county has had

thirteen president judges, two of whom have been commissioned twice; the longest term being that of the Hon. James H. Graham,—from December, 1851, to December, 1871,—and the shortest, that of the Hon. Charles Smith,—from March 27, 1819, to April 27, 1820,—exactly thirteen months.

This narrative having proceeded from Genesis to Judges, it devolves upon other pens to continue the story that will revive memories of the old Carlisle, and strengthen interest in the New.

Public Square in 1843

Cumberland Valley Railroad Station

II

"CARLISLE Old and New"—the words wake to music the chords of memory in countless hearts the wide world over. Many there are, not only of those that still dwell within its borders but of those that have gone elsewhere, who would unhesitatingly name this ancient borough the "spot of earth supremely blest, a dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest." Happy the mother who has such a rich heritage of love and loyalty in the hearts of her children!

If those who have not had the good fortune to be sons of Carlisle by birth or adoption, or to taste of its hospitality, would know its whereabouts, let them study a map of the Keystone State, and there not far from Mason and Dixon's line, in the fruit-

ful valley of Cumberland, they will find it. Mountains, spurs of the Blue Ridge chain, stretch their protecting arms nearly around it; and yet the valley, like the far-off vale of Rasselas, is wide enough at this point so that one feels like throwing back his shoulders and breathing deep and free. Low-lying hills, which bear heavy burdens of wheat and corn, lend unwonted variety to the landscape; many a grand old maple, oak, chestnut and elm still offer shelter from summer's heat and winter's blast; while "apple and peach tree fruited deep" tell of homes of thrift and plenty. In the days of '63, when the suns of June had made hill and valley glow with the mellow tinge of harvest, the region looked a veritable Garden of the Lord to

Horse-chestnut on the Lawn of
Dr. George L. Shearer

Hanover Street, Looking Southward

the tramping squadrons of the Southland, which then came sweeping through field and town. Nor should we fail to notice, as we study the landscape, the gleaming silver of the gliding streams. Small wonder that they are in no haste to join the waiting Susquehanna, so pleasant is the land they saunter through, one listless stream idling along until it quadruples the distance it needs to travel.

Carlisle was once the frontier town of an advancing civilization. In those far-off days, Fort Lowther, standing on High street not far from the Public Square, was the place of refuge for the harassed pioneer when the Indian sought redress for his wrongs. Though at this time and subsequently Carlisle showed its desire to deal justly with the men of the forest and to live in peace with them, in time of war its sons proved themselves men in whose veins ran the red blood of courage. The hostile Indians that met Colonel John Armstrong and his band of men, whom Carlisle had sent to the relief of distressed Kittanning, found foes dauntless and irresistible.

From these early days on to the present, the story of Carlisle is a web of many colors. History has been made here; romance and poetry have been

lived here. In fact, the rich variety of life that has always characterized the old town and kept it out of the meshes of the commonplace may, in part, account for the subtle charm that has often brought back to it those children who have traveled far afield. "If you drink of the old town pump, you will wish to live and die in Carlisle," is a local proverb with more than a modicum of truth. Many of those who have sought larger fields of action have come back in later days

> "To husband out life's taper at the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting, by repose."

The Old Graveyard

Others, whose life's sun has set elsewhere, have asked that they might sleep their last sleep beneath the quiet shades of the Old Graveyard or of Ashland.

It is impossible to say when the Old ends and the New begins, in that process of gradual evolution of a slow-growing community that feels at once a reverence for the past and a pride in the present. A few years ago, the citizens of this borough decided to commemorate its anniversary of a life of one hundred and fifty years. Since that date,—October 23–24, 1901,—when a vast amount of local enthusiasm was developed, they have been at the same time looking backward and looking

Sesqui-Centennial Arch, 1901

Old Corner of High and Pitt Streets

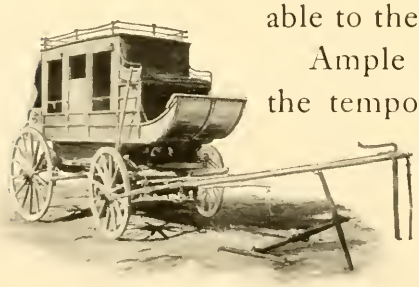
forward, with renewed pleasure in both reminiscence and anticipation.

A work of ingenuity in honor of that occasion was a map wrought by Captain J. B. Landis, which he named Mother Cumberland's Family, and to which he appended an invitation to come to the family reunion. The unique merit of this diagram was at once recognized by those in charge of the sesqui-centennial celebration, who promptly had it lithographed and distributed large numbers of copies.

In response to the promised welcome, hundreds, during those autumn days, entered the

town through its modern gateway, the handsome brownstone structure now occupying the corner of West High and North Pitt streets. This building was erected by the Cumberland Valley Railroad, in 1891, on the spot that will at once be familiar to old friends when recalled by the picture of the previous buildings. Even the grease spots from the heads of loafers have been preserved to posterity by the photographer's art. No adequate idea of this locality could be conveyed without including Peter Cooke, with his "City Bus", who years ago was accorded a recognized part in the local passenger service, invaluable to the present day.

Waiting for Passengers


Before the Days of Rapid Transit

Ample provision was afforded the temporal wants of visitors on that occasion in private homes and in the hostelries with which Carlisle has always been amply equipped,

provision far different from that afforded by the hotels of early days. One of these ancient inns, though no longer put to that use, still stands, a reminder of that far-off time when the traveling public did not come via railroad, trolley line, or automobile, but in the lumbering old coach of days agone. This imposing structure bore the proud name of the Eagle and Harp. In 1799 it was conducted by Charles McManus and had previously been a hotel for many years. The mark of the old bar is still to be seen in a corner of the entrance room on the first floor.

Old Tavern on East Lowther Street

No part of Carlisle is richer in historic association, more suggestive of a venerable past and of a prosperous present, than the Public Square, the very heart of the town's life. Standing upon it—

above which stretched for a few short weeks the double span of the sesqui-centennial arch—one cannot look north, south, east or west without his eyes resting on some spot notable because of the famous men whose feet have trodden it, and because of events of local and even national import. The observer easily judges Carlisle to be what it indeed is, a home of churches, two corners of the Square being occupied by houses of worship.

On the northwest corner, bearing the burden of its years with all grace and dignity, is the First Presbyterian Church, whose walls were built before America declared her independence, and whose fine proportions still command admiration. General John Armstrong, a trustee and elder in the church, aided in the work. In the pastor's study still hangs a charter granted by Thomas and John Penn, nephews of the great William. When the fires of love for a new country began to glow upon American altars, nowhere did they leap higher than in Carlisle. Here, in this church dedicated to the God of Nations, the flame was fed. On a July day following fresh acts of oppression enacted by the mother country against the refractory Massachusetts Bay Colony, a meeting of the influential

Public Square and Corner of First Presbyterian Church

men of the county was held, and resolutions were passed which show that already the spirit was alive that in two more years found utterance in the

Interior of First Presbyterian Church. From 1827 to 1876

immortal Declaration. On the committee then appointed "to coöperate in every proper measure conducing to the general welfare of British Amer-

ica" we find the names of James Wilson and William Irvine, men "on Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed." Venerable is any church in which George Washington worshiped. The First Presbyterian Church of Carlisle bears this proud distinction; for in the days of the Whiskey Insurrection, while Washington and Hamilton were on their way to quell the disturbance, they tarried several days in Carlisle and attended divine service here, listening to that eminent scholar, Robert Davidson, D.D. Another preacher who once occupied the quaint old pulpit, and whose tones received new resonance from the sounding-board pendent above his head, was the eminent scholar, albeit at times irascible and unwilling citizen, Dr. Charles Nisbet, president of Dickinson college. In the minds of many of the present generation, this church is inseparably associated with the gentle, cultured Dr. Conway P. Wing, who for more than forty years went in and out among the people, the friend of all, and the champion of those who had been held in bondage. Like afterglow at end of day, he lives again in lives made better by his presence.

Face to face with the First Presbyterian, stands St. John's Episcopal Church. Though the present

St. John's Episcopal Church and Parish House

edifice has not yet reached the century mark, it was preceded on the same site by one which dated its beginning back to the earliest days of the town, it being among the first places of worship within the present limits of the borough. A bell sent from Carlisle, England, as a gift to the

infant parish, being unaccommodated at St. John's, was placed in the tower of the court-house, and at its sound people of all faiths made their way to their various church homes, until the building was destroyed by fire and its tongue was silenced forever. If we may credit a certain legend, the tones of the bell were indeed silvery, the members of the Penn family stipulating that the silver in which their subscription of thirty pounds was paid, should be fluxed with the coarser elements composing the bell. St. John's can boast the rare honor of numbering among its former attendants two signers of the Declaration of Independence, George Ross and James Wilson. Perhaps had the latter, with his multiple fame of signer of the Declaration and framer and defender of the Constitution, been able to voice his preference in these

recent days, he would have asked to be borne to his last resting-place, not from any sister church in the Quaker city, but from beneath the modest arch of St. John's. Another name that not only Carlisle but the entire Commonwealth and country are proud to claim is also associated with this church — that of John Bannister Gibson, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania.

Diagonally opposite, once stood the old court-house, erected in 1765–66. The interior was wholly occupied by the court-room and galleries, no rooms having been provided for officials. This made necessary the annex, constructed in 1801–02; in this were deposited court books and papers. The town hall faced High street, not more than fifteen feet away. The apparatuses of the three fire companies occupied the first floor, while the borough council-chamber occupied the second. About one o'clock on the morning of Monday, March 24, 1845, this building was fired by an incendiary, and was destroyed with all its contents, involving the very serious loss of the town records. The engines and hose-carriages had been tied together and could not be drawn out. The fire spread to the court-house and annex, destroying

both, but not before the county books and papers had been removed to a safe place.

The present court-house was erected the following year on the same site, and already is regarded as one of the town's landmarks. The fine

Cumberland County Jail

Corinthian pillars at the front of the building command admiration, though they have suffered violence in both peace and war. One of them bears a scar received from a shell in '63, and all four, in some moment of mistaken zeal for civic improvement, were treated to a coat of whitewash,

Soldiers' Monument

which soon gave way to more enduring paint! When we remember that the pillars are of solid sandstone, these acts seem akin to painting the lily or throwing a perfume on the violet!

From this building, too, many a culprit has walked to his temporary home—or, in some cases, his doom—in the brownstone structure not far away. But such unfortunates find themselves in no mean dwelling, the walls being among the handsomest in town, built in fine architectural style in 1854, at a cost of more than fifty thousand dollars.

Close to the court-house stands the soldiers' monument, erected in memory of the sons of Cumberland

County who fell in defence of the Union. It was a prompt tribute to these noble dead, who number seventeen officers and three hundred and twenty-five private soldiers, having been erected only six years after the close of the war.

This reminder of days of strife stands exposed to the storms of every passing season. Not so those other relics of civil and international strife seen in the following picture. Torn to shreds by the dogs of war, they are guarded now as priceless treasures. In 1817, at the time of rejoicing that again "the British yoke was urged upon our sons in vain," the Carlisle Guards, a company which had aided in the protection of Philadelphia during the war, assembled on the Public Square to help in the general rejoicing. After the usual military evolutions, they were drawn up by Captain Joseph Halbert to receive the "Standard of Colours" seen at the center of the illustration, a gift from the women of Carlisle. The background is of richest blue silk, the various devices on it bespeaking two qualities for which Carlisle's daughters of every generation have been distinguished,—skilful fingers and loyal hearts. The gift was accepted in the following fitting words: "I

receive this standard, the offspring and evidence of female taste and patriotism, and shall trust its preservation to that native gallantry and disciplined valor which will be marshaled around it." Its almost perfect condition, after nearly a century, speaks in loudest terms of this "gallantry and valor." At the right of this is a veteran of two wars. In the days when Carlisle was sending forth troops for the preservation of the Union—four full companies made up her noble offering—its silken folds were fashioned by Mrs. Alexander, wife of General Samuel Alexander, and fastened to a staff which had seen service among Carlisle troops in the days of the Revolution. Thus mounted, it was presented to Company A, of which the late Judge Robert M. Henderson was the undaunted captain. Each broken thread, could we make of it a tongue, could tell sad tales of Baltimore streets stained with Massachusetts blood, for this was the first banner to be carried there after the mob had done its work; it could tell also of Bull Run, of South Mountain, of the Wilderness. But the story of this flag, however fully told, is of soldiers who fought with faces ever to the foe. It is still the palladium of its same old company, and is in the care of the

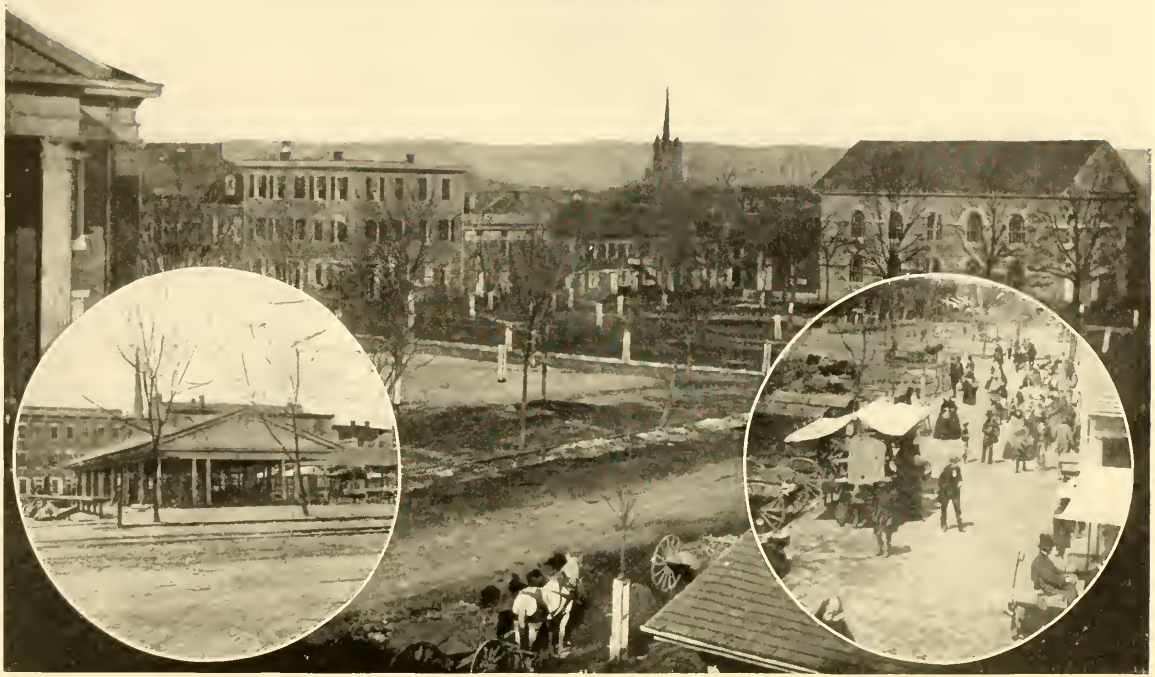
"Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son"

gallant Captain John I. Faller. Oddly enough, it was photographed for the present sketch in the home in which it was made, that of Mr. William M. Henderson, North Hanover street, grandson of Mrs. Alexander. From the flag at the left the blue field has gone, save just enough to hold the one star remaining of the many that once studded it. This banner belonged to one of the two companies of cavalry furnished by Cumberland County —the Big Spring Adamantine Guards. The captain of this company being mustered out after a year's service, his place was filled by Captain William E. Miller, of Carlisle, the present custodian of the flag, a man in whose keeping the American colors are always safe.

Returning to the Square, we find its remaining corner occupied, unfortunately, by the market-house,—unfortunately, for the place is thus overcrowded and lacking the beauty of the ideal parkway of a colonial town. The first market-house of which we have any record was built in 1802, and must have been a frail structure, since it was blown down in a windstorm. Its successor was built in 1836 and did service for forty-two years. The pictures of it are interesting, as showing not

only the location of the building, but as being a study of buyers and sellers at the Carlisle market forty years ago.

But the old Square itself is redolent, every foot of it, with the memories of generations. Here has stood in public shame the pilloried culprit, with what thoughts of remorse or of revenge, who can tell? When the time was fast approaching for the American people "to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them," men from all over the Cumberland valley assembled here to confer upon the great events with which the air was rife. Then was written a chapter in the Square's history that makes one's blood quicken, as when he reads of Pizarro and his sword line in the tropical sand. In the one case as in the other the command was, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Those that would fight for freedom were bidden come to the northern side of the Square; those that would still bear the British yoke, to the southern side. To the undying honor of the sons of Cumberland, it is told that the southern side at that hour was empty; three or four, hesitant, went



Old market house, High street entrance

Public Square, 1860

Market day, Hanover street entrance

Showing First Presbyterian Church, and old Henry Glass hotel, on the corner now occupied by the handsome building of Mrs. Walter Beall

neither way; and the northern part held every soul besides. Nor did their zeal slacken when the time for action came. Company after company from Carlisle went to their country's defense, until it was finally feared that there would not be sufficient men remaining to guard the safety of the inhabitants. Not only did this spot resound to the tread of the patriots' feet in these days, but not a few of the British also marched across it when sent here as prisoners of war. Among these were the ill-fated Major André and Lieutenant Despard. The ashes of the former find an honored resting-place in Westminster Abbey, while the latter lived to go back to England only to die as a traitor because of the democratic ideas he had imbibed in America. As the house assigned them was but a block away, on the corner of South Hanover street and Church alley, and they were allowed on parole throughout the town, the Square must have been often enlivened by their gay uniforms.

In the days following the framing of the Constitution, while its adoption by the necessary number of states was still pending, Federalist and Anti-Federalist celebrated on the Square many a barren victory. Even James Wilson, now proudly

claimed as a son of Carlisle, was burned in effigy, together with Chief Justice McKean, another defender of the Constitution.

During the Whiskey Rebellion, this spot was outraged by the erection upon it of a liberty pole bearing the illuminated inscription, "Liberty and No Excise, O Whiskey!" Though this was promptly cut down, it was followed by another with the Gallic sentiment of those times, "Liberty and Equality." These were sorry days for the old Square. Rioting and deeds of violence profaned it, insurgents patrolled across it, and now and then the air rang to the sound of bullets. It was at this time that Colonel Ephraim Blaine, great-grandfather of the distinguished statesman of our own times, was fired upon because so staunch a friend of good government, but happily escaped injury. On the other hand, how proudly the Square welcomed the coming of the Father of His Country! Four thousand men accompanied him, together with his cabinet. Crowds gathered to do him honor. However profound their enthusiasm, it is said that their admiration was silent. The president's home while on this visit was but a stone's throw away, as he was the guest of Colonel Blaine,

who was then living but a half block distant. Everything during this visit was done by the townspeople in a way befitting the presence in their midst of "the best of great men and greatest of good men."

Though the Square has never seen the imperial purple, it has witnessed the coming of one who afterward was adorned with it. While exiled from France and traveling incognito from New York to New Orleans, Louis Philippe, accompanied by two brothers, passed through Carlisle. During their tarry here, one of the brothers, the Duke de Montpensier, had the misfortune to be upset in a runaway, but was not so seriously injured as to be unable to minister to his own needs. This he did by robbing himself of some of his own royal blood at the tavern where the party was entertained. So impressed were the spectators by such a manifestation of knowledge and skill that he was at once urged to become a permanent practitioner in their midst.

Decade after decade now passes away. The Square sees growing up around itself a typical Pennsylvania town of culture and refinement. Some of the most delightful families in the country

made their homes here; which fact, added to the existence of Dickinson college, and for many years of a military post, combined to characterize Carlisle as an educational and social center. It is not strange, then, that the town is so well known, nor that her children should have become distinguished in the service and council of both state and nation. Those who attended the college and those who came to and went from the military post were widely scattered; the descendants of many of our old citizens are in many places. "Go where you will, you will meet some one from Carlisle," has become a proverb among us. When Peary returned from his recent Arctic expedition, his experience was under discussion in a Carlisle home, whereupon a wit remarked, "Well, if any one ever does succeed in reaching the North Pole, he will find a man from Carlisle sitting with his feet cocked up on the pole." The following illustrates the truth of the proverb. A man from Carlisle, who is now living in New York, was climbing the Andes. While seated under a ledge of rocks, he whistled the air of an American song, and another traveler, attracted by the familiar strains, approached, and the two fell into conversation. The first traveler

presently said to the second: "I don't know where you came from, but you talk like a Pennsylvanian." The second replied, "I live in Carlisle, Pennsylvania; who the devil are you?" "Why, I was born in the old town myself forty years ago," was the quick response.

Late in June, more than a generation ago, the Square was startled by the sudden consciousness that a danger often dreaded was close at hand. Every year after the beginning of the civil strife, whenever the pleasant weather of summer made the movement of the armies a matter of comparative ease, and the ripe harvest fields drew foragers to a land famed for its abundance, the tremors of a possible invasion had run through Carlisle. Now word was brought by scouts that the unwelcome men of the South were at the door. With only a few cavalrymen at the barracks, the town must look for protection at this trying hour to its own men. It did not look in vain. Old and young, patrician and plebeian, pastor and people, all formed themselves into companies of militia for the defence of those otherwise defenceless. The air was charged with suppressed excitement. Merchants began to send their goods to Philadelphia,

or to secrete them in the most secure places. The diplomas of Dickinson graduates were awarded without ceremony. Special trains rumbled across the Square, bearing those that dared no longer delay. Herds of horses and cows were driven over it by farmers who sought to hide their stock in the woods of Perry County, or beyond the waters of the Susquehanna. Family silver and valuable papers were buried or hidden, perhaps, in the dark recesses of some furnace chamber. Yet, as the hours passed, and no enemy appeared, the more sanguine still ventured to hope.

On the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten Saturday, June 27, '63, a lieutenant in the Union cavalry rode into town and dismounted at the Mansion House.

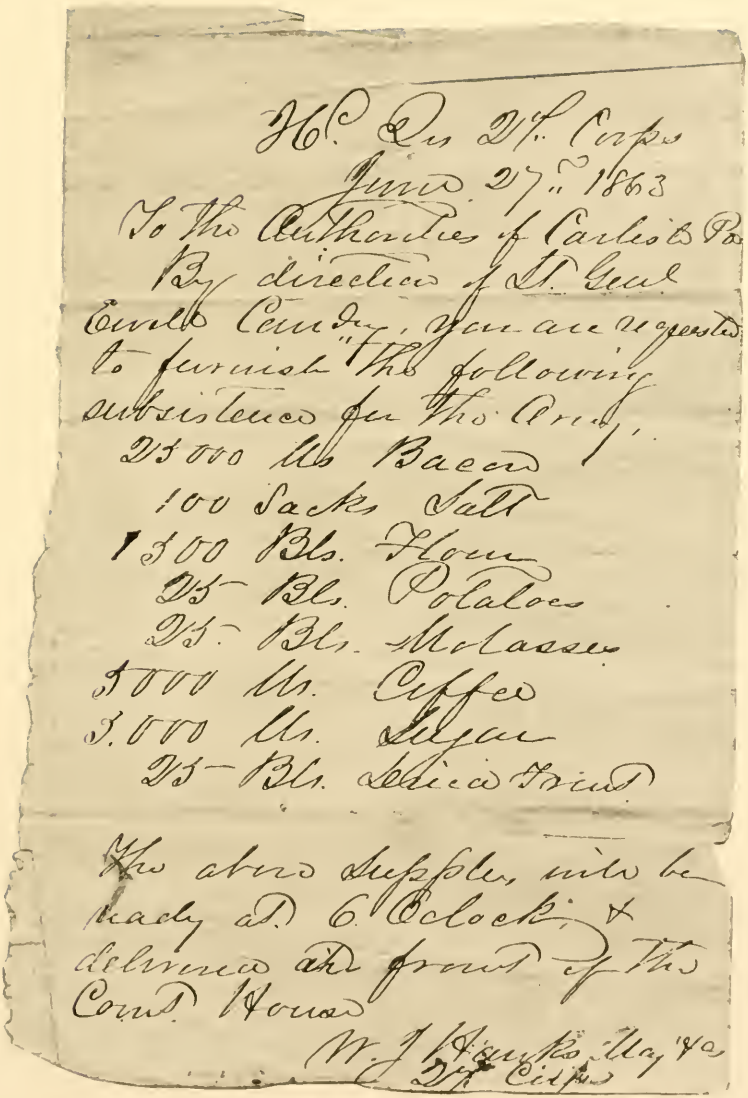
"Why are you fellows falling back?" was asked by one of the citizens.

"Lee's army is about to pay you a visit; his advance is just out yonder," was the reply.

"I will bet fifty dollars there isn't a rebel north of the Potomac."

"Keep your cash and your confidence, for you may need both."

A few hours later four hundred Confederate



H.C. Qrs 2d. Corps
June 27th 1863
To the Authorities of Carlisle Pa
By direction of Lt. Genl
Ewell Comdg. You are requested
to furnish the following
subsistence for this Army.
25 000 lbs Bacon
100 Sacks Salt
1 500 Bls. Flour
25 Bls. Potatoes
25 Bls. Molasses
5 000 lbs. Coffee
5 000 lbs. Sugar
25 Bls. Dried Fruit

The above supplies will be
ready at 6 Oclock P.M. &
delivered in front of the
Court House

W. J. Hawkins Maj & A.C.S.
2d Corps

Requisition received by Joseph W. Ogilby, then Secretary of Town Council. Owned by J. Webster Henderson, Esq.

cavalry under General Jenkins entered town and immediately demanded fifteen hundred rations. In less than an hour the stalls of the market house were richly stored, and man and beast were fed and filled. Now the strains of "Dixie" were heard, and looking out Pitt street, to the Walnut Bottom road, one saw nothing but marching men. On they came, many ragged, shoeless, hatless, and all begrimed and bedraggled by the twenty-mile march covered that June day. Little they looked like "the flower of the southern army!" Shoulder to shoulder with many a master in these ranks marched his negro servant, ready to share whatever the fortune of war might bring. General Ewell, who before the war had been stationed at the barracks, entered at the head of these troops and occupied the town. Fortunately Carlisle still held her niche in his heart, and this affection now stood the imperiled town in good stead, though his demand for supplies was too extravagant to be complied with. No violence or outrage was permitted, no buildings were destroyed, and after his departure scarcely a sign of occupation by a hostile force remained. Many of the soldiers, too, had been Dickinson students before the war. These

took pleasure in renewing old friendships and in repaying old favors. At one prominent home the family had retired that anxious Saturday night, only to be aroused by a ring at the bell. On asking who wished entrance and receiving a well-known name in reply, the ladies timidly said, "Do you come as friend or as foe?" "Always as friend to this house," was the quick response.

Two churches on the following morning opened their doors alike to the Blue and the Gray—the Second Presbyterian and the First Lutheran. As word had been passed through town that the stores and shops would be searched at this time, it is not strange that most of the accustomed worshipers were obeying elsewhere the command, "Watch." Dr. Fry, the Lutheran pastor, chose as his Scripture lesson the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm. When too late to retract, he remembered that it contains the command, "Depart from me, therefore, ye bloody men." As over half of the sixty present were Confederate officers, he politely refrained from giving the words a personal touch, passing over them as lightly as possible. On the campus, where troops were quartered, and at the garrison, services were held by the chaplains in charge.

Old Second Presbyterian Church, torn down in 1870

The following day escape from town was rendered still more difficult by the destruction of the railroad bridge, east of the Square. Fires were made of the ties, and the rails, heated and softened in these, were twisted around the telegraph poles. Grim jokes enlivened the work. "You Yanks wanted us back in the Union pretty badly. Well, here we are. How do you like it?"

Tuesday morning music sweeter than any the town had ever heard, sounded through the air. "Away down South in Dixie Land, Away, Away," —soldier feet were keeping step to the notes, while from the barracks and from the college campus, over the Square, out of the town passed the invading troops. Hour after hour went by and still sounded the tread of marching feet. Tramping horses and rumbling wagons furnished a deep, strange accompaniment for the notes of fife and drum. "Oh, my darling Nellie Gray, they have taken her away,"—many a soldier boy then marched to the familiar strain who a little later was lying stark on Gettysburg's field. "Maryland, My Maryland" and "The Old Kentucky Shore" wait in vain for their return.

At last the old Square breathed freely once

again. Horse and foot had disappeared on the road to Holly Gap; the dreaded danger was past, and life and home were safe. The following morning, dusty, travel-stained men rode into town and halted on the Square. Their regimentals were blue! Cheers rent the air at the welcome sight, and men and women came flocking from all quarters to hear the news so long kept from the beleaguered town, and not less to minister to the wants of these hungry men. Throughout the afternoon of that first day of July, Union troops kept arriving until the Square overflowed into the adjoining streets. The light of day fades; but, as cool evening comes on, the entire town empties itself into the streets. Women and children are chatting gayly, relieved from the strain of more than a week of suspense. Carlisle's fair daughters, in the dainty white gowns and bright ribbons which are theirs by birthright, bring pitchers of hot coffee, loaves of freshly baked bread, and other substantials to the welcome visitors. Suddenly, without a word of warning or demand for surrender, batteries open fire. The consternation is indescribable. Women shriek and laugh hysterically, children weep and cling to their parents, the

soldiers rush to disentangle their arms, the horses of the cavalrymen leap and plunge while saddles are strapped. Shells shriek through the air and fall to explode in the streets. Meanwhile, the militia are making preparations for resistance. Large shade-trees are sacrificed to form a barricade against a cavalry charge. Soldiers get into position to shoot from the roofs of houses, when the Confederates shall come marching up the streets. Half an hour—though time can not now be measured by minutes—and an officer comes from General Fitzhugh Lee, under a flag of truce, to demand the surrender of the town, with a threat that the shelling will be resumed should the offer be rejected; but, between the puffs of his cigar, General Smith coolly replies, "Shell away and be damned."

"Fifteen minutes for non-combatants to leave the town," was the word quickly passed through street and alley. The sight that followed happily has no parallel in Carlisle's history. The blazing gas-works and lumber-yards furnished a hideous illumination, by the light of which flight was made from town. Rich and poor wended their way together on foot to farmhouses, barns, school-

The Shelling of Carlisle

General Smith, on the white horse, faces eastward, whence came the shells. The corner building, back of General Smith, stood where now is the home of F. C. Kramer

houses — anywhere beyond the shriek of the deadly shells. Some withdrew to their cellars, too terrified to venture into the streets raked by grape and canister. One old lady, who was walking down High street, heard the shriek of a shell and presently saw all the soldiers prone on the ground, where they had thrown themselves to escape the effect of the explosion. "Oh, God be praised for his mercy!" she exclaimed. "And am I the only one saved?" Amusing sights added comedy to the night's tragedy. One woman fled as rapidly as possible, encumbered as she was by a feather-bed which she carried to ward off the shells. One hugged a new bonnet as her dearest treasure, another a gilt-framed mirror, while the route of a third was marked by silver spoons, which dropped from the pillow-case she was grasping by the wrong end. During that terrible night the sky was again lit up by the dread glare of a conflagration. The barracks and garrison had been fired. But another light soon flashed out near Holly Gap, whose language General Lee could read. It was a signal-light, and at this summons his guns were silenced, and the next morning it was found that his entire force had been withdrawn.

Gradually affairs calmed down, and the Square and the town resumed their quiet and content, save for a feeling of awe as the reverberations of the Gettysburg cannon were heard echoing in hill and valley. In the midst of the deluge of rain that washed the town clean of the filth of occupation, two days afterward, the wounded began to arrive and were cared for in the improvised hospital at the college. No thought then as to the flag under which these men had fought—stars and bars or stars and stripes, what matter? Cruel wounds and fevered brain—what can be done for them? The story of those July days, of the devotion on one side when reward was impossible, of the thankful looks and yet more eloquent silences on the other—these are among the unwritten chapters in the story beautiful of Carlisle.

War's dread alarms are past. When northern general or southern general comes into our midst now, he comes as a welcome friend. If you glance up a half block from the Square you may see in the brick wall of the home of the late J. Herman Bosler a small white tablet. On it you will find the words "July 1, 1863." On the occasion of a visit to town several years ago, General Fitzhugh Lee,

while calling at Mr. Bosler's office, casually inquired, "What is that mark on your house yonder?" "General, that is the card you left the last time you called," was the significant reply. Had he entered another home not far away, he would have found there a reminder of those self-same days. A table, handed down from Revolutionary times, was standing in the hallway of the home of Mr. James Wilson Henderson, when a Confederate ball came spinning through a window and plowed its way into the heart of this mahogany. At the time of this visit, General Lee and General O. O. Howard found themselves shoulder to shoulder as they sat on a platform at the Indian School. Foes no longer, brothers rather, these white-haired veterans recognized that each had fought for the right as he had seen the right, and above their heads was draped the flag of a reunited country.

Bearing the mark of the conflict

The old Square—we leave it now to glance at

other places that Old Carlisle has bequeathed to New Carlisle, and that Carlisle of to-day will pass on to coming years. Peace and war, buying and selling and getting gain, mirth and mourning, the murderer's frown and the benediction of the good man's presence—it can say of these, "All of them I saw, and a great part of them I was." Before turning our backs upon it, we lift to our lips the tin cup at the market-house fountain and say, "Here's to your health, and the health of your family; long may you live and be happy."

General Lee's "visiting card"

III

Winter on the Campus (South Gate)

OTHER places besides the Public Square are points around which the life and history of Carlisle have crystallized. Conspicuous among these is Dickinson College. In its service learned men have spent their lives and have left an impress both intellectual and spiritual upon the entire community. Within its walls have been trained men who have attained national fame as they have gone forth to fulfil their destinies. The existence of Dickinson College has, perhaps, more than any other one thing, maintained for Carlisle a continuous connection with the movements of the outside world.

Old West

Of the twelve buildings which with their contents make up the material equipment of the college, the one richest in memories and historic associations is Old West, "scion of a hundred years." It is one of the most charming examples of academic colonial architecture in the country, having about itself an air of distinction as of one well born and well bred. When the original building was almost completed, a misfortune occurred that was regarded as a national calamity. A fire, originating in some ashes near the building, consumed it on February 3, 1803. Not only did the trustees of the college and the people of Carlisle generously respond in that hour of need, but the President of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, members of Congress, and many others in public life, sent liberal contributions for the rehabilitation of the building. The donation of President Jefferson was one hundred dollars. Be it remembered that in those days money was not plentiful; nevertheless, the present building was opened for occupancy in the fall of 1805. Up the brownstone steps, carved with the names of some above whom now rests the mossy marble, beneath the high portal surmounted with that many-paned half-circle, were carried the

wounded from Gettysburg. Here they were nursed back to life, or went to meet the reward of brave soldiers. On the walls of the principal room hang portraits of many of the former presidents of the college, one of them in the powdered wig of far-off days. These many pairs of eyes, some keen and some kindly, seem to be still keeping watch over the welfare of their former kingdom. Venerable also among the buildings of *alma mater* are Old East and Old South. To these three halls, which for many years were the only ones of the college, in the days before the war came many sons of the South, as well as of the North. When the coming tempest was betokened, the blood of these often waxed hot in debate, two fiery patriots, on one occasion, going out to the edge of the town to settle there by the bullet the dispute begun in forensic halls. Time has laid its hand on all these buildings, but with no ungentle touch. They have found a place in song and story, and in the lives of the many hundreds of graduates who are scattered so widely that Dickinson can say, "The sun never sets on my domain."

In 1798, seven and one-third acres of ground, an entire square, were purchased by the college

authorities for a campus. Previously this land had been an open lot which, it was claimed by some, had been promised by the proprietaries as "commons," or a free pasture for cattle. Quite different was the part that this ground was destined to play in the drama of the town. Long ago the campus won for itself a warm place in the affections of college and community. With seats here and there, walks broad and well kept, a wealth of verdure overhead and under foot, it is a spot which one feels in no haste to leave. Several hundred trees of great variety are scattered over it, and many a person pauses in the long days of midsummer to enjoy this shelter from the fierce noontide. Unconsciously, the beauty of the spot,

"Lovers' Lane," Dickinson Campus

the equal of which few universities in our country can furnish, enters into the life fiber of college and town, and many an absent son and daughter of Carlisle, as well as of Dickinson, heart-hungry and world-weary, has longed for the sight of the old campus and the sound of the college bell.

In recent times, the James W. Bosler Memorial Hall, the gift of the family of the late James W. Bosler, and the Jacob Tome Scientific Building have added their pleasing proportions to the campus group.

Across the street from the southeastern corner of the campus, stood for many years the Denny home. This was built shortly after the Revolution, and was occupied in its early days by Simon Bard, who had married a sister of Major Ebenezer Denny. It remained in the Denny family until it was donated to Dickinson College, in 1895, at which time the old home was torn down. The tradition is accepted that Washington stood under the old locust tree at the corner to review the troops as they passed through Carlisle en route to quell the Whiskey Insurrection. On this site was built Denny Hall, which was opened for college uses in 1896. In March, 1904, a horror-stricken crowd

gathered to find this beautiful building a mass of hopeless flame. Fast and furious was the work of destruction, even the college records which were in the building not being rescued. Never before

The Old Denny Home

or since has Bosler Hall Chapel held so sad a gathering of faculty and students as met there the following morning for the accustomed worship. But the president of the college, Dr. George Edward Reed, through whose efforts Denny Hall

The First Denny Hall

Denny Hall, March 3, 1904

had been built, is a man of faith as well as of works. Raising his right hand in a gesture more of promise than prophecy, he said, in ringing tones that infused courage into the listeners, "Denny shall rise again." These words became the slogan

Laying Corner-stone of New Denny, 1905

in a campaign for funds among the student body and friends of the college, marked by rare zeal and self-sacrifice. One brief year, and the promise found fulfilment. A new Denny Hall, larger, more beautiful than the former, stood with open doors, ready for its work. Thus it stands, one of many

lasting testimonies to the courage and energy of the man who has given to Carlisle a new Dickinson. Carved in stone above the main entrance is this record: "Re-erected through the generous

New Denny Hall

aid of the trustees, faculties, students, alumni and friends of the college, and particularly of public-spirited citizens of Carlisle."

As an illustration of the growth of Carlisle, one has but to look at the changes which have taken

The William Clare Allison Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church and the Warehouse of R. C. Woodward, Which Formerly Occupied the Corner

place within a comparatively short time on two corners adjacent to the Dickinson campus. One of these is at the southwestern corner of West and High streets, a spot occupied for many years by the Woodward warehouse. The location was long regarded as on the outskirts, West street being originally the borough limit in that direction. At length, however, the town had so expanded that the old warehouse became an anachronism. It was accordingly removed, and in 1890 a Methodist Episcopal Church, the William Clare Allison Memorial, was built on its site. The church is in the Gothic style, graceful in every line. It is often called "The College Church," most of the faculty and student body worshiping here. A noteworthy feature of the interior is the stained-glass windows, every ray of light that falls through them revealing a beautiful harmony of color.

Near by is the building formerly occupied by this congregation, but now used as the home of the Dickinson School of Law. This traces its beginning back to one of the earliest schools of law established in the United States.

Opposite another corner of the campus is St. Paul's Lutheran Church, dedicated in the

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

The J. Herman Bosler Memorial Library

spring of 1907. Beautiful, spacious, and admirably equipped, the building is the product of such zeal and devotion as are at once an example and an inspiration. It is built of natural limestone and is rarely equaled for architectural symmetry.

Almost opposite Denny Hall stands the J. Herman Bosler Memorial Library, erected and liberally endowed by the family of the late J. Herman Bosler. Approaching it, one feels that he is about to enter a Greek temple, so purely classic are its white

marble lines. There is no feeling of disappointment as one finds himself in the lobby, surrounded by busts of the world's great poets. Looking farther on, he sees pictures of masterpieces in painting and sculpture hanging on the wainscoted oak walls, while the light on the main book-room falls through the rich colors of a memorial window, designed from Burne-Jones' painting, "Hope." In this quiet and beautiful spot, rich and poor meet together, and come into close touch with the world's best books. Schoolboy and college student, children of toil and of ease, all may be found in the reading room, book or magazine in hand. For nearly ten years Carlisle has counted this library among the most powerful of those influences that make for civic righteousness.

Before leaving this section of Carlisle, we walk a half square beyond the campus on the west, and there we find an imposing structure, one of the largest buildings in Carlisle. This is the preparatory department of Dickinson College. Through the influence of Dr. Reed, the building was presented by Mr. Andrew Carnegie with the wish that it should be named for his friend of many years, Dr. Moncure D. Conway, one of the oldest

of Dickinson's alumni; the school is accordingly known as Conway Hall. The distinguished Doctor died in Paris on the night of November 14, 1907, and was cremated at Père Lachaise Cemetery.

School of Miss Becky Weightman

Carlisle may be called the home of schools as well as of churches. Besides those already referred to, there is also a college devoted exclusively to young ladies—Metzger College. This school was founded and endowed by the late Hon. George Metzger, who died after rounding out nearly a full century, and whose memory is not suffered to fade, "Founder's Day" being annually celebrated at the school. The building, with its broad verandas and abundant setting of well-kept lawn, attracts our attention. Ascending the wide flight of steps, we enter, and believe ourselves not in a building

devoted to school purposes, but in a well-ordered, cultured home. Nor is this feeling dissipated if our stay is prolonged. In the spacious parlor, with its rare mahogany furnishings, at table, or in the recitation room, where we see pupil and teacher in close touch with each other, always we feel that

Metzger College and Quaint Old Home of Its Founder

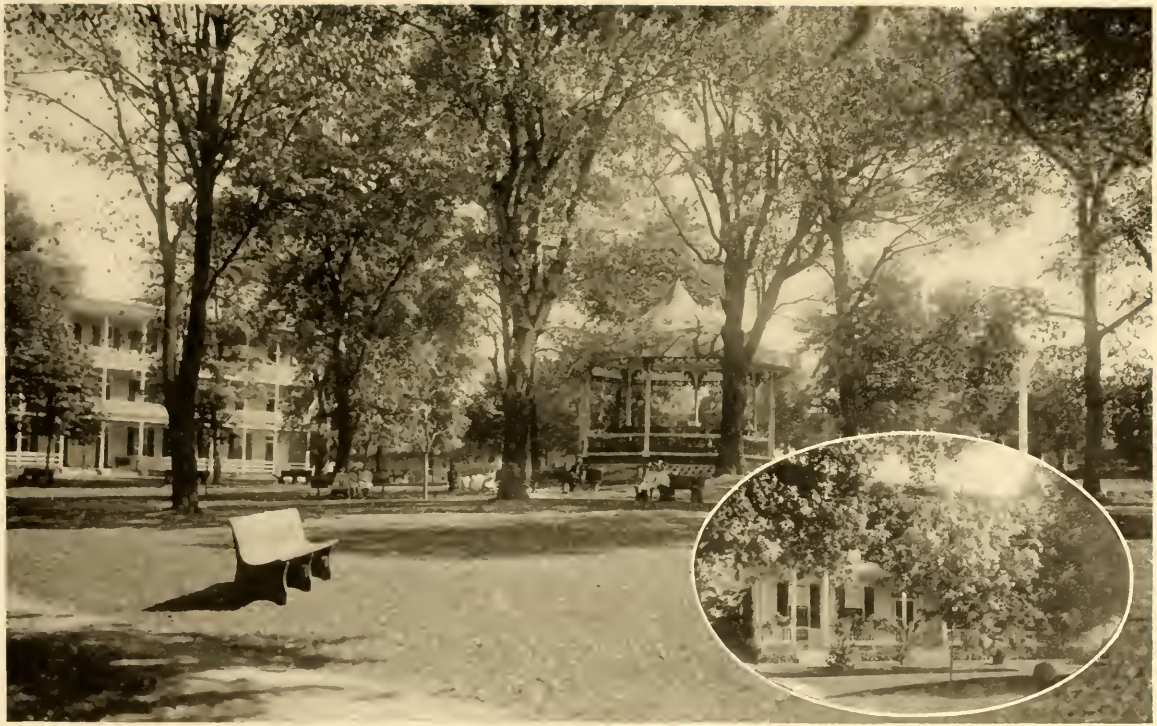
here is indeed a "home school," where social as well as intellectual culture may be attained, and where not only lessons from books are taught, but also those higher lessons to be learned only by close contact with noble lives.

More than twenty-five years ago, Carlisle was electrified by the coming of an army officer who

had not before been at the military post. He was attended by a retinue, but not of United States soldiers. He came to work out a great purpose—that of "civilizing the Indian wards of our government by bringing them into civilization." He

Drawing Room at Metzger College

came as Captain Pratt, and established under government care the Carlisle Indian Industrial School, with one hundred and thirty-six pupils. He left after a quarter of a century as General Pratt, and his world-famed school contained one thousand students. During that period there was nothing connected with Carlisle that brought the town into



Indian School Campus

Home of Commanding Officer

so great prominence as the interesting and magnificent work of the Indian School. People from other states and other lands came to visit the wonderful institution that had been evolved under the personal supervision of its founder. Around the old barracks, which were turned over by the government for his use, grew up a small village of buildings devoted to the many purposes requisite to the development of physical and moral manhood and womanhood. Not only the "three r's" but many higher branches are taught here, together with arts and crafts that enable these dependents of Uncle Sam to become self-supporting, self-respecting men and women. Through one of the distinctive features of the school, the Outing System, several hundred of them every year are inducted into the ways of farm, shop and home in various parts of the United States. Even a hasty survey of the boys' quarters and girls' quarters shows rooms clean, orderly, and suggestive of deftness and taste in the occupants. The Indians as athletes are known from Boston to the Golden Gate, no football games being watched with greater interest than those in which they have a part. Under the present administration new features have been added, and

the Indian School continues to be a source of local pride and the leading institution of its kind in the country.

At one of the entrance gates stands the old Guard House, one of the historic buildings of Pennsylvania. It is said to have been built by Hessian soldiers captured by General Washington at

Hessian Guard House

the battle of Trenton, and sent to this place as prisoners of war. The building is also associated with one of the residents of Carlisle who enjoys, if shades still enjoy earthly honors, a national reputation—Molly Pitcher. After the war was over in which Molly won her name and her fame, she is said to have spent many a day within these thick

and gloomy walls, washing and cooking for the soldiers.

One does not take frequent walks about town without seeing the face of a citizen long an essential part of the town's life and of its strivings after things unseen and eternal. This is Dr. George Norcross, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. On the heads of one generation his hands have been laid in baptismal blessing. These have grown to manhood and womanhood. They have plighted their troths before him, and have brought their children to be baptized by him. The occasion of Dr. Norcross' thirtieth anniversary, in his present pastorate, in 1899, was a memorable one, when not only his own people, but representatives of many of the other Protestant churches of town, united in expressions of appreciation and good will.

> "Honor and reverence and the good repute
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto him, whom living we salute."

The first edifice built by the congregation now presided over by this good man, was erected in 1833. It is still dear to the memory of many, who carry a mental picture of its fine exterior, with the Ionic portico raised somewhat above the level of

St. Patrick's Rectory and Church, and St. Katherine's Hall
Old Brick Church of 1806 in Oval

the street, as if in consciousness of its classic design. After almost two score years, this building was found inadequate to the demands of the church, and was accordingly replaced by the present Gothic structure.

A few blocks away is St. Patrick's Church. The parish was organized in 1779, and is chronologically the sixth Catholic parish established in

Pennsylvania. There was then no other Catholic Church between Carlisle and St. Louis. A log chapel was its first place of worship, and in 1806 the old brick church was built by the Rev. Louis de Barth, a German nobleman. The present handsome structure was completed in 1893 by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, at a cost of $30,000, and is by general consent admitted to be the most artistic of the smaller Catholic churches of the state. For this building, the congregation, consisting of thirty-six families, raised $30,000 in twenty-eight months, freeing the church from debt. It was consecrated on the 114th anniversary of the foundation of the parish. St. Katherine's Hall was built by Mother Katherine Drexel, and is occupied by six sisters of the order she founded for work among the Indians and negroes.

In approaching Carlisle from almost any point, one tall, massive tower attracts and holds attention. This is the tower of the First Lutheran Church, erected on the site of the old foundry. The stone-cut words, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," seem fitly written above the triple entrance. The building is of metropolitan proportions, and is fortunate enough to have its lines set off by well-kept turf.

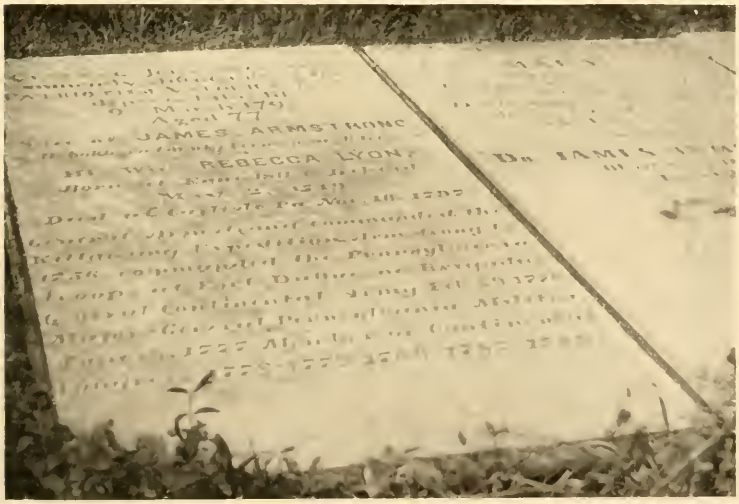
First Evangelical Lutheran Church. Old Foundry Formerly on Same Site, in oval

Every pillar of the fine interior, every window and furnishing, as well as each accessory demanded by a working church, speaks of the unflagging devotion of a people not "at ease in Zion."

Gen. John Armstrong

"We bargain for the graves we lie in," is not of necessity true of any child of Carlisle, the Old Graveyard, as old as the borough itself, saving even the poorest from the potter's field. In this quiet spot, overshadowed by trees that seem in strange keeping with the place, not only "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," but also men of wealth and culture and fame. An elaborate Latin inscription sets forth the virtues of the renowned and cultured Dr. Nisbet. Under a near-by stone

rests the Christian soldier, Gen. John Armstrong. Emigrating to this country from Ireland with his wife, he chose the infant town of Carlisle as his home, and continued to live here until his death, nearly a half century later. A colonel in the French and Indian war, in which he won lasting fame at Kittanning; a general in the Revolutionary war; a councilor in times of peace, whose practical wisdom was sought by the authorities of state and nation; the trusted friend of General Washington; and a man "living habitually in the fear of the Lord, though fearing not the face of man," General Arm-



Grave of General Armstrong

strong is a son whom Carlisle delights to honor. If we tarry in this secluded spot, we find that here Old Carlisle and New Carlisle are met together. Some of the stones bear dates that carry us back a full century and a half, while close by may be seen the heaving turf of a new-made mound. Here and there we are interested to read the inscriptions,

> "Homely phrases, but each letter
> Full of hope and yet of heartbreak,
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the Here and the Hereafter."

The varying interest that Carlisle awakens in us does not lessen as we reach the edges of the town. If "the beautiful is the touchstone of human prog-

Park of the Manufacturing Company

Lindner Shoe Factory

ress," two of these places closely associated with Carlisle's business interests call for attention. At the western extremity are the buildings of the Lindner Shoe Company, vine-clad and attractive. The surrounding space, notably Lindner Park, has within a few years literally been made to blossom and be glad. The grounds of the Carlisle Manufacturing Company, under the direction of the public-spirited president, John Hays, Esq., are at the opposite end of the town. With their beauty of flower and turf, they delight the eye of Carlisle's sons, and give to many a stranger who glances at them from the car window a hint that he is approaching a town in whose heart dwells civic pride.

On the northern extremity is a building to which gown and town have recourse when "nature's sweet bells are jangled, out of tune." Todd Hospital, established by Mrs. Sarah Todd, was opened for use in 1896, and is looked upon as one of the indispensable institutions of Carlisle.

Trolley connections afford Carlisle every opportunity for reaching many of its beautiful environs, Boiling Springs and Mount Holly Springs being favorite resorts for hours of ease. At the former we find one of the natural curiosities of Cumber-

Boiling Springs

Scene at Mount Holly Springs

land County. In not one place only but in many places the water boils and bubbles as if in a witches' cauldron. Yet a draught is delightfully cooling. Around the springs has grown up a pleasure park, visited during the summer months by crowds from city and country-side. Not far away is the Old Forge, whose history stretches

Old Forge at Boiling Springs. Built in 1762

back to colonial days. Here the blister-steel of that time was manufactured, and bullets and cannon were cast that took the life of many a redcoat.

Under the shadow of South mountain lies beautiful Holly, which we may also reach by a ride past wood and hill and valley, where "ill thoughts die and good are born." The natural charms of the place have been enhanced by landscape art until it is one of earth's choicest spots. Hawthorne might have written of Holly: "Lakes opened their blue eyes in its face, reflecting heaven, lest mortals should forget that better land, when they beheld the earth so beautiful."

Old Elm on the York Road

Lovely indeed is the fringe upon the garment of Carlisle! To the places mentioned must be added the Conodoguinet, too lovely to be told of in dull prose. Let us see it through the poet eyes of a son of Carlisle:

ON THE CONODOGUINET

By BENNETT BELLMAN

When the birds are in the bushes and the sun is in the sky,
Where the golden song of thrush is, when the fleecy clouds are high,
In the balmy air of Springtime, when the blossoms bloom in May,
I take my boat and row and float, far from the world away.

Between blue distant mountains are fair Cumberland's green hills,
With sunshine on her fields afar and ripples on her rills,
With the blossoms on her branches all ablooming in the May,
In a world that hath no sorrow, in the sunshine of to-day.

Here old Conodoguinet widens with reflections of its trees
That show within its crystal depth unruffled by the breeze,
In its bosom holding fondly there a glimpse of azure sky
Which doth bend, a dome above me, but below me, too, doth lie.

With Nature healthful, pure and sweet, now in her smiling mood,
I fain would lay me at her feet, into her courts intrude,
Learn the deep wisdom here that dwells amid her silent hills
In song of bird in leafy dells, in ripple of her rills.

On yonder looming limestone bluff o'er which the sky doth shine,
I see the oak and elm trees, I see the darker pine,
Whose sweet balsamic odor is now wafted on the breeze
Sweeter than perfumed air that blows among Arabian trees.

Within a sylvan scene like this, what soul could e'er repine?
To drink the sunlight here is bliss, like old Olympian wine,
For in the sun and wood and stream, I feel the throbbing heart
Of the great Mother who doth hold us all of her a part.

Her "still small voice" one moment fills the vasty vague immense,
One moment with her pulse I thrill through every wakened sense,
She kindly looks upon me, so!—my heart hath once beguiled,
And though she turn and leave me, lo! I know she once hath smiled.

So, floating on the stream to-day, I have this lesson learned—
Like to a wandering prodigal to her I have returned,
And fain would let men fight for fame, or learning of the books,
If I may stay with Nature here, beside her running brooks.

Ancestral Sofa in the Home of Mr. J. W. Henderson

IV

WHILE the early settlers were naturally content with the utmost simplicity of life and dress, later times, bringing here to an unusual degree an element of wealth and culture, demanded an observance of such social requirements, habits of living, and style of dress as were *de rigueur* in English life of the best type.

Passing from the days when coarse materials of domestic manufacture sufficed for the garments of both men and women, one reaches those prosperous times when the style of dress of people of fashion was here, as elsewhere, a distinguishing indication of the line drawn between classes. One enjoys to picture the little town when "men wore

three-quarter or cocked hats and wigs; coats with large cuffs and big skirts lined and stiffened with buckram; breeches closely fitted, thickly lined and reaching to the knee, made of broadcloth for winter, or silk for summer; silk hose and silver shoe-buckles." When the women wore the fullest of skirts expanded by enormous hoops, high-heeled shoes, white silk stockings, elaborate coiffures surmounted by large and elegantly trimmed bonnets, soft laces and great jeweled ear-rings.

People sigh for the days that are gone, regretting that modern conditions have dimmed the glamour of the aristocratic life of earlier times which gave so marked an individuality to the place. The gay whirl of society was comprised of the town and garrison, as the intellectual atmosphere of the college did not blend with the dashing life of a cavalry barracks community. The officers were usually West Pointers, who

A James Wilson Chair
Heirloom in the Family of Colonel William M. Henderson

sought the homes of the social leaders in the little town, and who of themselves materially contributed to the pomp and ceremony of a society so exclusive as to become proverbial, and which was perhaps as brilliant as could be found anywhere in the country. Carlisle style and hospitality were recognized and enjoyed by many from far beyond its limits.

General Henry Miller China

Those who were fortunate enough to be invited to the right houses had the pleasure of partaking of such collations as were not surpassed nor more gracefully served anywhere, while the wit and beauty of the handsomely gowned women and the talents of the highly educated men, formed a fitting accompaniment for occasions that are traditional in our annals.

We have no pictures that can reconstruct these scenes, but be it understood that the refined and accomplished women who presided over the

"Oakland," Homestead of the Late Colonel William M. Henderson

homes were versatile enough to meet all the demands that the exigencies of the day made upon them. They were famous housekeepers, and as the negro employees were not numerous, the domestics came chiefly from the genteel white population.

There were no caterers, no pastry-shops, and all edibles had to be prepared at home; but, nevertheless, the most elaborate menus were successfully evolved from Carlisle kitchens, while the exquisite

home-made garnishings of fruits and vegetables that were prepared for the boned turkey, hams and game, were the admiration and despair of less-accomplished housekeepers.

The gowns of the women, often imported, were as elegant as those worn in the drawing rooms of Philadelphia. Illumination was furnished by lard lamps supplemented with candles. In addition to the use of candelabra, painted boards were often fitted to the tops of doors and windows, containing rows of holes for candles, which, when filled, gave a very beautiful effect to the spacious rooms and hallways, the soft light shedding its own luster on the satins and brocades of the women and the gold-embroidered uniforms worn by some of the men.

Lamps in the Home of A. D. B. Smead, Esq.

During the investiture of the town by General Ewell, he issued a request to the women of Carlisle that in attending church or appearing in the street, they should go forth plainly garbed, in order that his soldiers might not become enraged at the sight of so much luxury, while destitution was oppressing the women of their own southern land.

Doorway of Mr. David Watts' Home
Built by Colonel Ephraim Blaine

The charming colonial doorways of some of the handsome homes led to interiors luxuriously furnished and often containing wood-work as exquisite as could be found anywhere in the state of Pennsylvania.

A delightful type of the home

of its period was that built by Colonel Ephraim Blaine, between 1792 and '97, for his son, Robert Blaine, to whom he conveyed the property. Being afterward purchased by David Watts, Esq., a prominent lawyer, it was owned and occupied by his family until his son, Judge Frederick Watts, sold it, in 1871, to Judge Robert M. Henderson, that courtly gentleman of the "old school," whose name Carlisle holds in tender memory. The exquisite mantel in the apartment that for many years was his back office

Colonial Mantel in Judge Henderson's Back Office

is indicative of the architectural charm of the entire house. It is an interesting fact that the paper that was put upon the walls more than one hundred years ago has never been removed from behind the bookcases. It was imported from France by Mr. Watts, a similar paper having been brought over at the same time for the home of the French minister at Washington. It was made in pieces eighteen inches square and printed from stone blocks, being a style of wall decoration that was necessarily confined to luxurious homes.

Mrs. David Watts

Mrs. Watts, whose interesting picture is here reproduced, was the wife of David Watts, Esq., and daughter of General Henry Miller. She continued to reside in the home after her husband's death, passing altogether seventy years of her life under its roof.

It is a matter of great regret that there is no portrait extant of Colonel Ephraim Blaine, distinguished son of Carlisle, an eminent citizen and a devoted patriot. A child of wealth, born in 1741, he was in the full flower of his manhood when the newly declared free and independent

A Bridal Gift to Miss Juliana Watts, who Married General Edward M. Biddle in 1836

States of America, being in imminent peril, needed and received that magnanimous support of personal service and private wealth that is indelibly associated with his name. It is stated that after saving the army from starvation in the awful winter of 1777–78, he was made commissary-general of the entire continental army, on the personal recommendation of his military chief and warm friend, General Washington. These patriotic financial sacrifices greatly impaired his estate. The mansion at his beautiful country seat

on the Conodoguinet, near the cave, has been destroyed by fire. It was here that he spent the closing years of his life, and here he died at the age of sixty-three. Strangely enough, no memorial can be found to mark the final resting-place of Ephraim Blaine, illustrious officer in the Revolutionary army.

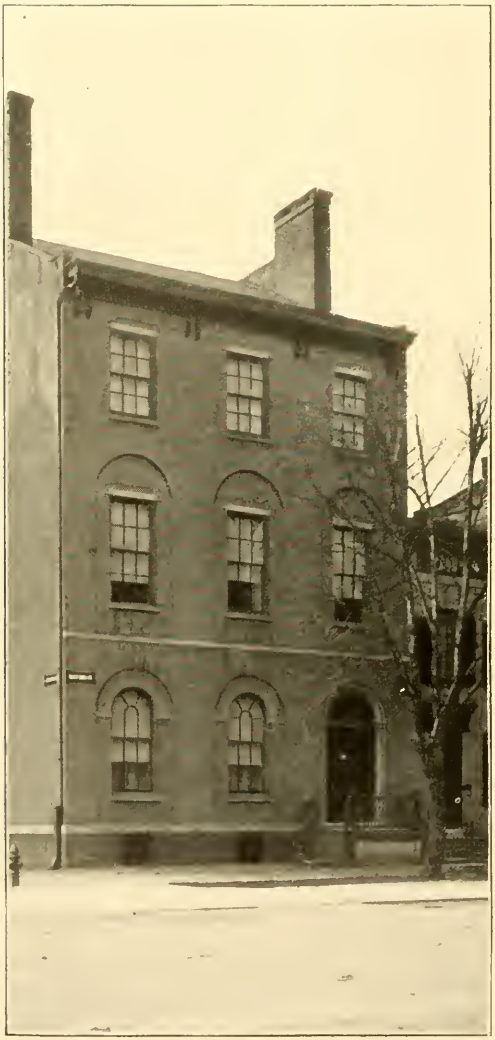
A Blaine Chair

When the Blaine home was dismantled, some of its splendid furniture was purchased by Mr. Michael Ege at private sale, and has been since then in the continuous possession of the Ege family. The charming chair in the illustration represents one of a dozen that glorify the rooms in which they stand, along with other furniture and portraits of their own beautiful period.

More or less interest has always centered about the stately home that is now owned and occupied by Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover. It is one of the most

charming residences in Carlisle, and was erected in 1815 by Stephen Duncan, a son of Supreme Court Justice, Thomas Duncan. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan moved into their home before it was entirely finished, and upon the day when the marble for the front steps was delivered at the house, occurred the sudden and untimely death of the young wife. Mr. Duncan immediately sold the property to his brother-in-law, Benjamin Stiles, and sadly left Carlisle. Mr. Stiles moved into the house at once, and resided there with his family for twenty-four years.

The next purchaser of this interesting mansion was the Rev. John F. E. Thorn, an Episcopal clergyman, whose death left the property in the hands of his childless widow, a daughter of Judge Hamilton. Mrs. Thorn was a clever but eccentric woman, whose original sayings and doings are associated in the minds of people still living with the home in which she dwelt through the closing years of her life. Among local legends, we find that she was occupied in her old age in making quaint doll effigies of the celebrities of the day, or in painting their miniature portraits, and one of her expressed ambitions was to "see the devil just long enough



Residence of the Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover

to get his daguerreotype."

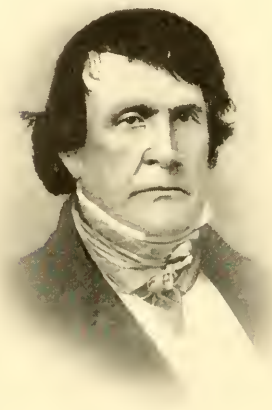
Her participation in social life was unique in the story of a town that prided itself upon its hospitality, her hours being early, her collations simple, and the music furnished by herself. One of her specialties was the singing of the Lord's Prayer with an accompaniment played on her spinet, which, it was said, "she played as if the

keys were red hot." Upon one occasion, in receiving her guests, she indicated the hour at which they were to leave by saying, "I don't wish you to say that I close my house at eight o'clock, for I will be glad to have you remain until half-past eight to-night."

Hallway in Residence of Hon. F. E. Beltzhoover

One of the singular accidents of the war period occurred in Mrs. Thorn's drawing-room during the shelling of the town. A ball, having pierced the wall of the house, passed through a large mirror, cutting a hole in the glass with cleanest edges, and shattered the sofa on the opposite side of the room.

A near neighbor was Chief Justice Gibson, one of the most distinguished men who ever lived in Carlisle. He came first into the town as a young student from Perry County, adding to his collegiate course the study of medicine in the office of Dr. Samuel A. McCoskry. In later life, he prided himself upon his knowledge of this profession almost as much as upon what he knew of jurisprudence. In the house adjoining that now occupied by the Carlisle Club he lived, and in it his children were born, and from it he was carried to his last resting-place in the Old Graveyard, in May, 1853. One of his characteristics was a profound love of music, and as an amateur violinist he was perhaps not excelled in the United States. He was never known to leave home without his violin. Whether starting on his circuit on horseback, or in later years traveling by railroad, he might perhaps forget a legal document or an article of clothing, but never his



John Bannister Gibson, LL.D.

musical companion. He was accustomed to rely upon its strains for help in solving knotty problems, and often laid down the pen to reach for the violin,—its sweet melody floating through the house as he walked up and down his room, framing the legal opinions that have ever been treasured as marvels of judicial learning.

On one occasion Judge Gibson attended a banquet in Boston at which Daniel Webster was present. The latter left the feast early, and inadvertently took Judge Gibson's hat with him. When the party broke up, the judge put on Mr. Webster's hat, unaware that it was not his own since it fitted him perfectly, and the mistake was not discovered until the next day. Each of these celebrated men had an unusually large head, about twenty-four inches in circumference, Judge Gibson's being slightly the larger of the two.

The following beautiful epitaph on his tombstone was written by Justice Jeremiah S. Black:

"In the various knowledge which forms the perfect scholar, he had no superior. Independent, upright and able, he had all the highest qualities of a great judge. In the difficult science of jurisprudence he mastered every department, discussed

almost every question, and touched no subject which he did not adorn. He won in early manhood, and retained to the close of a long life, the affection of his brethren on the bench, the respect of the bar, and the confidence of the people."

Judge Gibson's wit was inherited by his children, and they, with his charming and dignified wife, always social and hospitable, made of the Gibson home a gay rendezvous for the young people of the town and officers of the garrison. Mrs. Gibson was a daughter of Major Andrew Galbraith, and one of six sisters remarkable for their beauty, whose home was on the corner of North Hanover street, opposite the Presbyterian square. Its fine colonial doorway, similar to that of the adjacent Watts home, faced the square, the drawing-room occupying the entire front of the house. Evidence of the handsome woodwork on these premises may still be seen on the second floor, in the offices of the Bell Telephone Company.

Mrs. Gibson was one of those who, in the language of early Presbyterianism, was "read out of the church" for permitting worldly amusements in her home. Afterward attending the Episcopal Church, it was said that she carried along many

of her Presbyterian notions, which proved to be very trying to her new pastor. This willingness to worship either as a Presbyterian or an Episcopalian is interesting, as indicative of the double ascend-

Old Piano in the Home of A. D. B. Smead, Esq.

ency of the two churches which were the controlling influence here in earlier years. It was not more uncommon then than now to find members of one household attending both places of worship.

That handsome colonial mansion, with great

halls, solid mahogany doors and spacious rooms, lying northeast of Carlisle, that for these many years has been known as "the county home," was built by Mr. Edward Stiles as his country seat,

Sideboard in the Home of Mrs. Parker J. Moore

and was named "Claremont." Selling this home, Mr. Stiles bought the twin house on East High street, adjoining Judge Gibson's, the two families always being intimate friends. After some years, removing to Philadelphia, Mr. Stiles sold his Car-

lisle home to Mr. Coleman Hall, whose family occupied it until they also sought the City of Brotherly Love, when Judge Frederick Watts purchased the property, using it as a residence until his children sold it to the Carlisle Club. Notwithstanding these changing occupants it continued to be one of the favorite social centers of Carlisle, an open-handed hospitality being ever dispensed within its walls. Its great side yard, which extended to the present Penrose home, was divided from the street by a high brick wall and contained a number of splendid fruit trees in addition to the shrubbery and flowers that graced its walks. It was as the guest of Judge Watts that General Taylor, President of the United States, was entertained at this house. An evidence of the fact that the spirit of reverence for those in authority, so manifest in the Old World, had not become extinct in the breasts of those who dwelt in the New, was found in the eagerness of the people to see their President. Not content alone with the sight of him, some asked for a memento, even if it were "only the water in which he had washed his hands." Upon the statement being made that the President was suffering from a slight indisposition, such gifts

were sent to him as to cause the remark that he had now enough brandy to drown him.

Mantel in the Home of Mrs. William M. Penrose

Upon stepping into the home of Mrs. William M. Penrose, but a few paces distant, one is charmed with the number of rich and beautiful furnishings that have adorned it through the lives of more than one generation. An exquisite Italian mantel is among the gems of the house, having been imported, with two replicas, many years ago from Florence, Italy. One of these is in a home on Washington Square, New York, and the other in a public museum.

Just across the street there stood the Brisbane home built by Mrs. Brisbane, who afterward married Dr. Henry Duffield, and whose daughter, Miss Kate Brisbane, was a great belle in her day. The picture of the doorway leading into the beautiful hall beyond indicates at once both the wealth and the taste of the family who erected this mansion. It has been familiar to the past generation as the home of Judge Hepburn, whose charming personal appearance is associated particularly with the front steps where he was wont to sit. His family sold the property a few years ago to Mr. John W. Plank, who erected upon the lot his handsome modern dwelling.

Doorway of Judge Hepburn's Home

Further up town, on the northern side of High street, between Pitt and West streets, stands a home that is one of the architectural treasures of Carlisle. Its entrance door is flanked by curving steps on either side, and from the moment the interior is reached, the beautiful woodwork of the hall and charming proportions of the spacious apartments are manifest. This delightful old mansion was completed by Isaac B. Parker, Esq., in 1820, the general features having been planned by his wife, who was a southerner. Mr. Parker was a wealthy man, his taxes being proportionately large. Taking exception to a certain assessment for school taxes, and failing in his effort to obtain an adjustment he asked from the board of directors,

Entrance Hall of Judge Hepburn's Home

he decided to change his residence, and in 1842 removed his family to Burlington, New Jersey, evidently having determined to go to a state where the obnoxious school taxes were not then imposed. His son, John Brown Parker, Esq., whose first wife was Miss Margaret Brisbane, established his residence in the Carlisle home which is still owned by his family.

Residence of Mr. John W. Plank

The story of Carlisle is peculiarly interwoven with that of the judiciary. In its Old Graveyard lie the remains of three former members of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania who were citizens of the borough, and with the exception of three years during the term of Hon. Benja-

Residence of the Late John Brown Parker, Esq.

min F. Junkin, Carlisle has continuously numbered a president judge among its citizens since that office was created in 1791.

Somewhat more than a hundred years have passed since James Hamilton, an aristocratic citizen, a learned and dignified lawyer, was appointed to the office of president judge of this district. Always observant of the ceremonials of life, he

required the sheriff and tipstaves of the court, carrying a mace, to precede him as he walked in wig and gown on official business, between the court house and his home on West High street.

From this home came the splendid Hamilton clock, now the property of Captain William E. Miller, who purchased it at the executors' sale of the effects of James Hamilton, Esq., the donor to Carlisle of the Hamilton Library Fund. J. Herwick, the local maker of this ancient timepiece, was one of the most successful and well-known clock-makers in the colonies. The builder of the clock has gone where time is not measured; the eminent family whose hours it marked has no living representative in Carlisle today, but the clock itself

The Hamilton Clock

"Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged has stood."

A brilliant bar practiced under Judge Hamilton, two of its acknowledged leaders having been Thomas

Duncan and David Watts, Esqs., those two of whom the following is a favorite local anecdote. It seems that Mr. Duncan was of very small stature, while Mr. Watts was a large man. On one occasion, during a heated legal argument in court, Mr. Watts made a personal allusion to Mr. Duncan's size, saying contemptuously that he could put him in his pocket. "If you do," replied Mr. Duncan, "you will have more law in your pocket than you have in your head."

One also recalls to mind the name of another conspicuous resident of early days who wore the ermine, the Hon. Hugh Henry Brackenridge, who was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court in 1799, and shortly thereafter removed to Carlisle from Pittsburg. He lived in a house on High street immediately west of "White Hall," which was then the home and place of business of Archibald Loudon, the prominent book publisher, and is now the location of W. F. Horn's drug-store. He was an eccentric man of much learning and, having an almost total disregard for appearances, furnished a strange contrast to his contemporary of the lower court, Judge Hamilton. It is said to have been no unusual thing for him to

preside at circuit trials in his shirt-sleeves, with his shoeless feet cocked up on the judge's desk. His matrimonial venture is suggestive of a certain well-known poem, wherein a young girl "raked the meadow sweet with hay." It is said that in the genial summer time

> "The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
> Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
>
> He drew his bridle in the shade
> Of the apple trees, to greet the maid.
>
> But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
> When he hummed in court an old love tune;
>
> And the young girl mused beside the well
> Till the rain on the unraked clover fell."

He was so impressed with her beauty and simplicity, that a different fate from that of Maud Muller was hers, since he sent her to school to be educated to the standard of her future position, then made her Mrs. Brackenridge. So many fair young women dwelt in the same block into which he brought his handsome wife that it became currently known as "Cupid's Row," where, if tradition may be credited, no security could be guaranteed for even the most adamantine of hearts. Judge

Brackenridge died in 1816 and was buried in the Old Graveyard, leaving a book called "Modern Chivalry," the first novel written west of the Allegheny mountains, as well as many miscellaneous writings and judicial opinions, to perpetuate his name.

On West High street there stood yet another judicial residence, a unique and beautiful home,

The Reed Home; Later the Residence of R. C. Woodward

surrounded by large grounds, built by Judge John Reed. It was on the corner now occupied by the Methodist church, by the home of the president of the college, and by the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house. The architectural effect of the Reed home

was very charming, the house being large and low, with basement floor. The drawing-room floor was approached by long, curving flights of steps on either side of the house, which were a delight to the artistic eye. The property was later bought by Mr. R. C. Woodward, whose family occupied the home during a long period of years, finally selling it to Dickinson College to be used as a home for the President, Dr. George Edward Reed, for whom it was enlarged and materially changed in appearance.

Opposite the Hamilton home was that of Mrs. William M. Biddle, the widowed daughter of a prominent Presbyterian divine, Elihu Spencer. Coming to Carlisle from Philadelphia in 1827, she erected the spacious house on West High street which until recently has always been occupied by some of her descendants. She was a woman of rare charm of manner, and possessed of much culture and wit; with the result that her house became a center for the exclusive life of the times, attaining then a social distinction which it never lost until it was turned into a commercial building in 1904. Her children, Mrs. Samuel Baird, Mrs. Charles B. Penrose, William M. Biddle, Esq.,

Colonial Bedroom in the Home of Hon. Edward W. Biddle

Mrs. George Blaney and General Edward M. Biddle, and their descendants, form a truly remarkable group of talented men and women. Many of them have passed their lives in other and larger places, but not one has failed to evince a close attachment for the town in which the old homestead was built eighty years ago.

Dr. George Duffield, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, once cautioned Mrs. Biddle against a continuance of dancing and card-playing in her

house, at the same time threatening dismissal from the church. The lady informed the pastor that her views differed from his on these points, and that she could be entirely satisfied to worship in the Episcopal Church across the way. Later, when a division of his congregation occurred and the Second Presbyterian Church was dedicated, it was said that no one walked up its aisles with a firmer tread than that of Mrs. William M. Biddle.

Carlisle is indebted to one of her granddaughters, Mrs. Henry J. Biddle, of Philadelphia, for the gifts of the J. Williams Biddle Memorial Mission Chapel and the Lydia Baird Home for Aged Women.

Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird

One of her grandsons was Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird, whom Carlisle loves to place upon its loftiest record of distinguished sons. He was born in Reading, but early in life was brought here by his widowed

mother, who bought the home on West High street recently made vacant by the death of Miss Rebecca P. Baird, the last member of her family. Having been graduated from Dickinson College in 1840, and in 1845 made professor of natural history of that institution, he really did not enter upon his life-work until five years later, when he was made assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, at Washington. Here he was put in charge of the department of explorations, which under him led to the formation of the National Museum. In 1878, upon the death of Professor Joseph Henry, Mr. Baird was chosen secretary, and to his remarkable administration of the affairs of his office is due the expansion of the institution. As a prolific writer and editor of scientific publications, his name is known throughout the world; his distinguished ability and services have been recognized by numerous leading governments in the bestowal upon him of medals and orders of distinction, as well as honorary membership in scientific societies.

As a Carlisle boy he was a familiar figure to neighboring farmers, finding his greatest pleasure in tramping through the country with his gun on

his shoulder. His return home in the evening was something to be dreaded by the family, as there was no telling what kind of living, crawling creatures would emerge from his pockets. The birds he shot in these tramps through Cumberland County he prepared and mounted with his own hands, and later in life presented them to the Smithsonian Institution, where they continue to form its finest local collection of birds. One of his theories was that there exists no natural antipathy to snakes in human nature, that such feeling is merely the result of foolish teaching. In support of this conviction, he allowed his own small daughter to have a blacksnake as a plaything. He died in Washington in 1887.

It is a remarkable fact that while Professor Baird was at the head of the Smithsonian Institution, another Carlisle man, Judge Frederick Watts, was filling an equally important federal office as Commissioner of Agriculture. Does one wonder at the proverbial pride of Carlisle in her own, at the self-satisfaction that has always been one of her characteristics? An amusing illustration of this attitude seems to have been of long standing, if one may credit the story that Noah offered to take

a couple of Carlislers into the ark and received the reply, "No thank you, we have one of our own."

No pen-picture of life in Carlisle a generation back would be complete without mention of him who figured as the "court physician," Dr. David N. Mahon. He welcomed the advent of the coming, and when his skill no longer availed to succor, he soothed the closing hours of the departing. Not only in the capacity of physician was Doctor Mahon sought, but being a man of unusual intellectual attainments and social graces, a brilliant conversationalist, a delightful vocalist and a man of never-failing wit, he was a welcome guest at every social function in Carlisle, and at many abroad. Upon one occasion, while dining in Washington,

Major John McGinnis

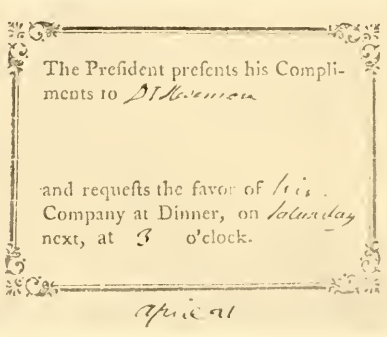
Who, according to tradition, was Treasurer of the United States for the period of one day, under President William Henry Harrison.

Doctor Mahon's wit and culture so impressed the Secretary of State then present, that rising from the table, he passed to the back of Doctor Mahon's chair and placing his hand on the doctor's head, said, "I must feel the development of the head from which scintillates such remarkable brilliancy." Doctor Mahon at once removed his wig, saying in his courtliest tone, "Allow me to facilitate the carrying out of your flattering desire."

A brother of Doctor Mahon, and a man quite as brilliant, was John D. Mahon, a member of the Cumberland County Bar for seventeen years. In 1833 he removed to Pittsburg, spending the remainder of his life as one of the most prominent lawyers of the smoky city.

Doctor R. L. Sibbet, in writing of the medical profession in Cumberland County, says, "In view of the number and character of the military personages furnished by Carlisle in the olden times, it has been justly called the 'nursery of brave officers,' and among these we place Doctor George Stevenson." The son of an intellectual and patriotic father, whose full name he bore and whose talents and principles he inherited, Doctor Stevenson rendered distinguished service in the rôle of

both private citizen and soldier. As one of the early trustees of Dickinson College, as a skilful physician of Carlisle for many years, and as a Revolutionary officer who won the commendation and personal friendship of Washington, his name is placed on that roll of honor that is one of Carlisle's priceless possessions. The quaint old invitation card received from Washington, bidding Doctor Stevenson to dinner at the president's home, is one of many historic relics of a bygone age in the possession of the Stevenson family, which is still represented in Carlisle.


The Preſident preſents his Compliments to Dr. Stevenson

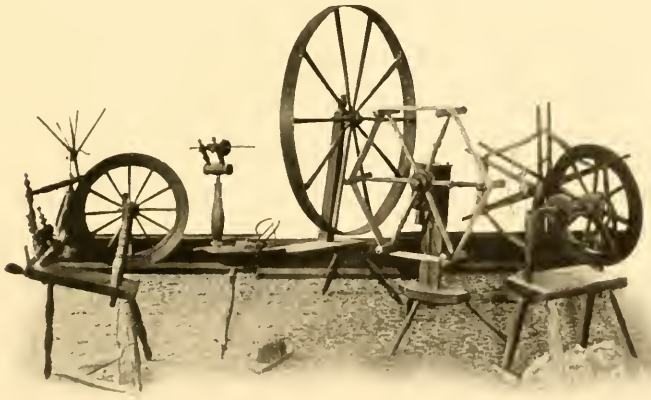
and requeſts the favor of his Company at Dinner, on Saturday next, at 3 o'clock.

April 21

An Invitation from President Washington

While the men were thus helping with the world's work, the women were not idling through hours of leisure. The interesting picture of a spinning outfit recently presented to the Hamilton Library Association by the family of the late Levi Zeigler, whose property it had been through several generations, calls to mind that age of gentle

industry when quilt-making, embroidery, exquisite needle-work, spinning and weaving were among the feminine occupations of quiet days that were



A Spinning Outfit

lived in strange contrast to those of the present time. Life was not strenuous when intercourse with the outside world was only made possible through the use of heavy carriages, two-wheeled chaises, or horse-back riding over bad roads; nor yet after 1837 when one train steamed each morning out of Carlisle

Through High Street

on the Cumberland Valley Railroad, leaving Harrisburg on its return trip in the evening "whenever the train from Philadelphia happened to arrive there." When the mail was brought into town but once a week by postal messenger—the newspapers published weekly in Philadelphia sometimes arriving here a fortnight after their issue—when books were not plentiful, then women with skilful fingers wrought such beautiful things in their leisure hours as to be the wonder and admiration of their less accomplished successors of today.

General Henry Miller, although a York County man, was living in Carlisle at the time of his death and was buried with military honors in the Old Graveyard in 1824. His active and gallant Revolutionary War services have placed his name high among the patriots of that period. The pictures of General and Mrs. Miller, with a copy of invitations received by them attached, one being in Washington's own handwriting, form a group that is delightfully quaint and interesting. A daughter of General Miller married David Watts, Esq., and a number of their descendants are living now in Carlisle and its vicinity.

General and Mrs. Henry Miller and Invitations from President Washington

Perhaps the most royal hospitality of all, dispensed at any residence in the county, was that of the Peter Ege family, who lived at Pine Grove. Connected by ties of blood and friendship with Carlisle and its people, Mr. Ege and his wife—a Miss Arthur, of Virginia—have left many traditions of their princely manner of entertaining. In later years, the spirit of hospitality was fully sustained by William M. Watts, Esq., who succeeded Mr. Ege in the ownership of this place of delight-

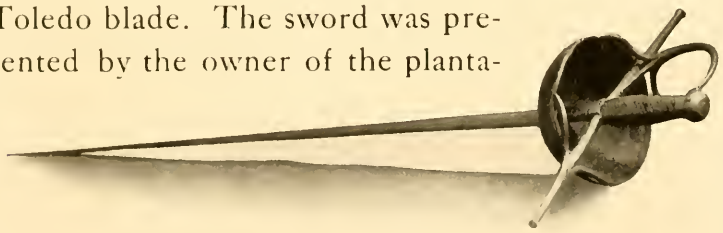
ful memories, so picturesquely located on the sloping sides of the South Mountain, and so interwoven with the social life of the town as to have been practically a part of it.

The first brick house erected in Philadelphia, and consequently the oldest of its kind in the state of Pennsylvania, was built in preparation for the coming of the proprietary of the province, William Penn. The furnishings were not so modest as the little home itself, if one may judge from the charming and elegant chair that once stood in company with others of its kind in that abode where were often held the provincial councils. One rejoices to think that this chair is more than two hundred and twenty-five years old, and that it has been preserved in all its dignity and beauty, while through many years it has been one of the cherished possessions of a Carlisle home.

The William Penn Chair
In the Home of the late Mr. Jacob Sener

Of the fate of the fort planted by Columbus on

the coast of San Domingo there is no assurance. Its very site had been forgotten when in 1906 chance led to its re-discovery. In clearing ground for the erection of a sugar-mill, a San Domingan planter unexpectedly struck upon old foundations and found embedded in the soil, wedged between logs where it had lain concealed for centuries, this Toledo blade. The sword was presented by the owner of the planta-



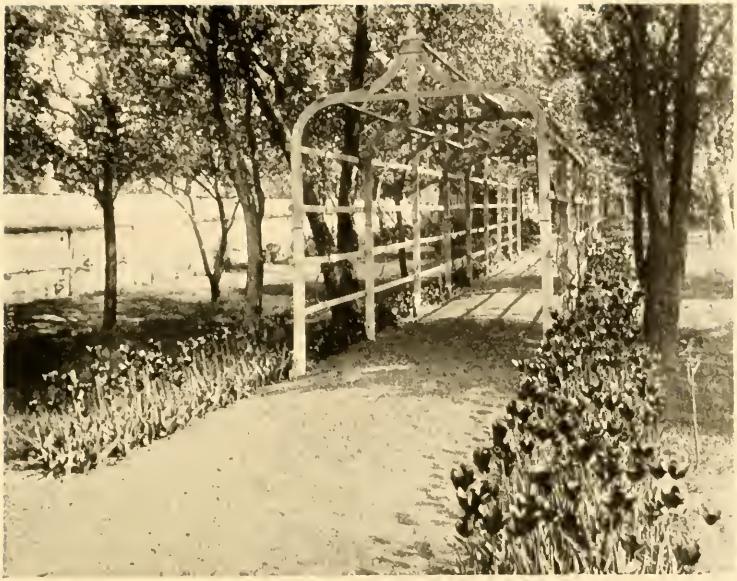
Toledo Blade—in the Home of Commander Colwell

tion on which it was found to Commander John C. Colwell, of the United States Navy, and was brought by him to his home in Carlisle. There it hangs upon the walls, a picturesque souvenir of that memorable date, 1492, when it found its way across the sea on board one of the three little caravels that sailed into the west on the most momentous voyage of discovery ever made.

"Old Sword! Whose fingers clasped thee
Around thy carved hilt?
And with that hand which grasped thee
What heroes' blood was spilt?"

Old James Powell, familiarly known as "Pompey Jim," was a local character unique in the annals of his day and generation, being the boot-black and pavement sweeper for a certain number of gentlemen of the town, and extremely particular about the social standing of his patrons. With his half-witted son John as assistant, he made regular matutinal calls at the houses of his customers to black the boots of the male members of the households. His little bent form and grizzled beard are remembered by many now living. But it was on funeral occasions that Jim appeared resplendent in carefully brushed clothes and high hat, always walking immediately behind the hearse, sometimes with his hands folded behind his back and carrying his cherished hat. He was as particular about the funerals he attended as about the boots he blacked, honoring no family with either his

Pompey Jim



Yard at the Residence of A. D. B. Smead, Esq.

services or attention that could not meet Jim's own particular ideas of "quality." A wit of the time laughingly said to her son one day, "Do give an occasional quarter to Jim. I am so afraid that he will not come to my funeral, and I don't wish my family's social standing to suffer."

What days of laughter and happiness were the old ones! What amusing stories are heard among the many echoes of the years that are past! Carlisle delights yet in that son of its soil who was ambitious to be considered "in society," and who,

being unmercifully snubbed by a party of officers, said wrathfully to a friend, "They are nothing but a lot of damned asymptotes, anyhow," the first

Residence of Dr. John C. Long

syllable of the geometrical term having evidently struck the speaker as appropriate to the occasion.

And what a conversational delight was our own Mrs. Malaprop, who pronounced a certain peacock's tail to be "the most beautiful foliage" she

had ever seen, and who was so charmed with a man who called to see her husband on business, that she declared him to be "a perfect gentleman, because he held his hat ajar the whole time he was

Yard at the Residence of Dr. W. Z. Bentz

talking to me." She was authority, too, for the wise statement that, "to have a successful party, you must invite people who congeal," and she deplored the death of a rising young physician "just when his business was getting so complicated."

South College Street. Home of Dr. Morris W. Prince on the Corner

During the Civil War period the approach of the southern army caused the temporary departure of a number of citizens. One of these, desiring information, telegraphed to a friend in Carlisle, "Is the Rebels went?" Almost instantly there flashed back the answer, "They is." "Is them Ginny cleepers flagrant?" referred to a beautiful Virginia creeper twining its graceful course over the home of an acquaintance of the querist.

Whilst our most prominent local poet was usually oblivious to the demands of a careful toilet, at times he astonished his companions by appearing in something fresh and striking. Once upon a

summer day he sauntered under the trees, wearing a new straw hat around which was a broad blue silk band, and upon the blue there ran a narrower red one. "What do you think of my new hat?" he asked one of his cronies. "Well, Bellman, you seem to be dressed today with a great deal of *abandon*," was the ready retort.

Here is one of recent date: A Carlisle man, his wife and a married woman friend were in warm discussion. Talk waxing earnest, the wife, turning to her friend and indicating her husband,

Old Corner of North and West Streets. Formerly the Shapley Home

"Pa-ha-ta." Home of John W. Wetzel, Esq.

said, "Did you ever know any one so persistent and unrelenting in driving home a point?" "My sakes, didn't I marry one myself?" was the unexpected reply.

Oil Street Lamp

It is not what one has or is, but what one does, that expresses the worth of an individual to a community. If we reflect but for a moment, we will realize that among Carlisle's priceless possessions are hearts that feel and hands that give, and that to an unusual degree there prevails here an animating principle of steady and lasting interest in the welfare of the people.

Of this fact a splendid evidence has very recently been made manifest. With deep gratitude it is learned that a son of

Residence of Mr. A. F. Bedford

Carlisle, who had flown from the home-nest to spend his life as a lawyer in larger places, has made a magnificent bequest of more than one hundred thousand dollars for the maintenance of an industrial training-school in his native town. This school will be of the New Carlisle, and will perpetuate in a noble way the honored family name of the donor, Charles L. Lamberton, Esq., the while it radiates its beneficent influences throughout the years to come.

Gas Street Lamp

As all blessings are sweetened if shared with others, so do we rejoice in the generous gift to the neighboring borough of Mount Holly Springs, of the Amelia S. Givin Free Library, which stands as a

memorial of the deep interest of a Carlisle woman in that industrial town.

And thus one might ramble on indefinitely through the quaint old town, questioning, recalling, and gleaning from a storehouse that is fairly bursting with its treasure of history and anecdote.

South Hanover Street—a Nasturtium-draped Wall

One would see, too, that with the passing years Carlisle has not lost that which it has always claimed for its own—delightful homes, "life's best rewards and best defences." North, south, east and west, they stand in continuous and ever-increasing evidence of the prosperity and happiness of its people.

Northward are seen the colonial homestead of the Hendersons, surrounded by its fine old trees, that has long been one of Carlisle's landmarks; the spacious place of Judge Henderson's

"Cottage Hill" and Vine-clad Office of F. C. Bosler, Esq.

family; the handsome residence of John W. Wetzel, Esq.; the beautiful homes of the Misses Colwell, Mrs. Ellen A. Parker, Mrs. Mary J. Rose, John Hays, Esq., and others, all set on fair lawns with trees and flowers and vines

"Mooreland," the Johnston Moore Homestead

adding their individual charm to each place. Southward block after block of attractive homes, with surrounding sward and dividing hedge, lead to the beautiful residences of the Bedford families and Mr. John V. Harris. Eastward stands "Cottage Hill," the splendid place of the late James W. Bosler, now occupied by his fam-

ily; while the adjoining office of F. C. Bosler, Esq., presents an excellent example of the possibilities of beautifying a business place. Westward lies the favorite residential locality of the members of the College faculty, many of whom have built here their own lovely homes, while

Residence of Mr. John Lindner

further on stands "Mooreland," the family estate of the late Johnston Moore. This place fairly luxuriates in trees, the while a herd of beautiful deer roams at will through the private park. Nearby are the handsome residences of Hon. Edward W. Biddle and J. Kirk Bosler, Esq., with the fine corner place of Mr. John Lindner in

Residences of the Hon. Edward W. Biddle and
J. Kirk Bosler, Esq.

close proximity. And up and down the streets one sees homes—some old, some new, while some, alas! that have been cherished for generations, whose firesides have been associated with the past, and around which hang tenderest memories of

Beetem Warehouse, which Preceded above Homes

those who made Carlisle what it has been, have given way to the increasing business needs of modern times.

An almost singular love of the town, ancestral

Reception Hall in Residence of J. Kirk Bosler, Esq.

and dear, an immeasurable tenderness that has ever characterized its sons and daughters, has been charmingly typified by Bennett Bellman in

THE BELLS OF OLD CARLISLE

In the sweetest of our valleys,
Where the sunshine gleams and dallies
Over fields all green or golden with their waving weight of grain;
There, afar in sunshine gleaming,
Like a vision seen in dreaming,
Lies a little town of old upon the plain.

Upon this wild frontier,
Where the hardy pioneer
Worshiped God in rudest temples, with rites simple and sincere,
Oft came the solemn spell,
As he heard the Sabbath bell
Ring silvery through the silence, keen and clear.

And again, in later times,
It may be its mellow chimes
Called our fathers from their homes within the valley to the town,
Where, strong in right forever,
They protested they would never
Submit unto Great Britain, or bow down.

But since that long ago,
Swinging slowly to and fro,
The younger bells, outringing, threw their voices 'gainst the sky—
The church and college bells,
With their mellow, magic spells,
In many a silent summer, now gone by.

As some happy past appears,
When our eyes are wet with tears,
As memory forever, like the moonlight, casts its spells;
So, youth and beauty fled,
And the dreams of youth, all dead,
Come back to me with memory of its bells.

As some wanderer, weary, laden,
Sees a glimpse of distant Aiden,
And from heaven hears the music thro' its golden gates ajar;
Or a wanderer, weary, lying
In a distant land and dying,
Hears the mournful, mellow music of the bells he loved afar;

Thus in solemn silence, oft
I can hear the mellow, soft
Dim music, sounding ever of the distant bells, erstwhile:
For a magic memory dwells
In that tangled tune of bells
That ring from out the past in Old Carlisle.

Franklin Public School Building and a First-Prize Vacant Lot

Civic Club Rooms

V

LOVE for the past has perhaps made easier enthusiasm for the present. However this may be, certain it is that when there swept over our broad land in recent years a great wave of appeal for civic improvement—a call to organize for the public good—Carlisle was as in the days of long ago among the first to respond, viewing the request as a national summons and at the same

time as a local necessity. Quickly the realization seemed to dawn that she stood in need of something more from her citizens than the paying of taxes and the obeying of laws. It was the heart-service from her children that she had come to lack—a service that they are in duty bound to render so long as they live within her sheltering arms. And so an association was formed whose purpose was to increase interest in the town of to-day and in all matters relating to good citizenship. This organization has become widely known as the Civic Club of Carlisle, and is a strong and important factor in the community life; with its constantly increasing membership numbering now more than three hundred men and women, it stands committed to whatever will conduce to the betterment of civic conditions. This tends to create and maintain a splendid sentiment in favor of public beauty, cleanliness, sanitation, morality, education, esthetic cultivation and patriotism, such as shall uphold the standard of high ideals set so long ago.

Naturally, in both its direct and indirect influence, the Civic Club has been one of the potent factors in the development of the Carlisle of to-day—a Carlisle that is abreast of the movements

of the times in those broad civic lines which will inevitably be counted in history as among the interesting and valuable developments of the period in which we live.

The Club has organized the school children of the borough into an active League of Good Citizen-

High School Assembly Room, Franklin Building

ship, whose aim is a clean town, clean homes and clean lives; it has expended many hundreds of dollars in carefully selected, well-framed pictures, which have been presented from time to time to the public schools, and which are developing a discriminating taste and judgment among the young; it has held for some years an annual picture exhibit, and has encouraged a love of flowers by the distribution of flower-seeds among the school children, requesting reports of the result of the planting. That an interest in trees might be stimulated, premiums have been repeatedly offered for both shade and fruit trees and awarded one year after the planting, many hundreds of children having competed for these prizes. Rewards have also been offered annually for well-kept vacant lots, for floral boxes, and for the planting of vines, the Club having set an example in such public beautifying by the placing of vines, shrubbery and hedges upon the well-kept lawns of

A Vacation Garden

the public schools. An annual flower show was conducted for four years, which was not surpassed in Pennsylvania except by the exhibits of Philadelphia and Pittsburg. Carlisle is fortunate in the

The Annual Flower Show of the Civic Club

existence of her exquisite private greenhouses, and the public-spirited owners of these cordially united with the professional growers in exhibiting the best results of the florist's art for the pleasure and benefit of the public. Musical entertainments,

too, have been given both indoors and out, always of such a nature as to be of permanent value.

Knowing full well that the public school children of Carlisle could not have adequate advantages with the school tax at the low rate that had prevailed, the Civic Club recently laid before the board of directors the unique petition that local taxation be increased. This request has been granted.

During a persistent and continuous effort for clean streets, the Club has presented to the town thirty-five waste-paper receptacles and has kept them in repair, has paid for the clearing away of street litter when needed, and owns and operates a street

sprinkler. Naturally the organization has registered unceasing protests against bill-boards, public dumps, unsightly business signs, unsanitary conditions, and careless disregard of existing laws and ordinances; while the cleanliness of the market-house, the

Carlisle Kindergarten 1906–07

enaction of an anti-expectoration ordinance, the protection of food supplies from street dust and flies, suitable legislation for protection against mosquitoes, and extension of water-pipes into the homes of the poor, are all matters of public welfare, concerning which the local authorities have been importuned from the beginning of this civic awakening. The story of civic work elsewhere,

together with information regarding local needs and progress, were brought before the public for more than a year, by conducting a weekly column in one of the town papers.

Among the Club's recent gifts to the town are

artistic street markers made after a special design, and the equipment of a schoolroom for a kindergarten. A woman's exchange has been maintained in the Civic Club building for several years, and fills the niche peculiar to these institutions. It is in just such a place that one so often finds the "ordinary thing done in an extraordinary way."

Perhaps one of the most practical benefits to the community was the establishment, at a time when there was no savings-bank in Carlisle, of a savings-department wherein deposits were received of any sum from one cent up. This was conducted for almost four years, during which time thousands of dollars were cared for, until the opening of a savings-department in the town banks made a continuance of the work no longer necessary.

The best gift of all, however, is the trained visiting nurse, who is maintained for the solace of the aged and for the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick poor, ministering to those who otherwise

"Sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm."

could not have the comfort of skilled nursing. "I was sick and ye visited me."

In small communities one almost invariably finds a dearth of high-grade public entertainments, since usually as a financial proposition expensive attractions cannot be made to pay. The unfortunate result is a series of ordinary or worse than ordinary shows, which become a matter of grave

concern to thinking people, for it is a well-known fact that a large majority of juvenile court cases have been the direct result of immoral entertainments. Feeling that distinct uplift and safeguard are given to any town into which the best procurable talent is brought, the Civic Club successfully maintains lyceum courses of a grade that is beyond criticism, as is plainly indicated by the following list of those who have appeared here and who are now booked:

CHARLES EMORY SMITH
JACOB A. RIIS
F. HOPKINSON SMITH
DR. GEORGE EDWARD REED
BERTHA KUNZ BAKER
DR. JOHN WATSON (Ian Maclaren)
J. HORACE McFARLAND
LEON C. PRINCE
MADAME KRONOLD
EDWARD BARROW
WILLIAM HARPER
THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE
DR. C. T. WINCHESTER
JUDGE EDWARD W. BIDDLE
GEORGE NEVIN BRANDON
NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS
ELLEN BEACH YAW
MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH
MAJOR JAMES EVELYN PILCHER
SENATOR J. P. DOLLIVER

This work is planned solely for the literary, musical and civic benefit of the people, to whom it is

a manifest advantage, and it may be said to the credit of the town that the best things invariably have the largest audiences.

Home of Mrs. Walter Stuart
Winner of several prizes for exterior window-box decoration

As a propagandist the Carlisle Civic Club may be found in, perhaps, one of its most important rôles. Not only from Pennsylvania, but from many other states, have come numerous letters asking for advice and information touching matters of public improvement, or perhaps kindly expressing appreciation of the inspiration received from the work done in this community.

A continually strengthening sentiment for municipal progress in Carlisle is everywhere in evi-

dence, both on the part of individuals and of the broad-minded bodies of men into whose hands have been committed the administration of its affairs. "He who adds beauty to the world adds joy," is a thought that has been fully grasped by many present-day citizens of the town. They find delight in the broad streets and open squares that were

Humble yet Beautiful—a Small Boy's Civic Effort

bestowed upon their forefathers by the heirs of William Penn and in the splendid old colonial landmarks that are their heritage. They also rejoice in the fact that the handsome modern homes, the churches, the schools, the industrial buildings with their park-like surroundings, that are of this later period, are carrying their

own messages to such as are willing to receive them.

Thus Carlisle has come again to its own. Not forgetting altogether the example and teachings of those who served in the past, its citizens of the New unite in spirit with those of the Old in recognizing that "the noblest motive is the public good."

Young Carlisle

AFTERWORD

THE tale, although imperfectly told, is finished. Its omissions and exclusions are such that many will sigh for a pen that could have written in a more acceptable manner the history of Carlisle,—the narrative of its traditions, events and local legends.

There is no pretense in these pages to literary merit. They have been prepared, and the pictures have been gathered, in a spirit of tender loyalty which will somewhat atone for the shortcomings of the work.

As the little volume starts upon its journey to the homes and hearts of the people of Carlisle and of its friends abroad, may it be accorded a kindly welcome and a gentle judgment.

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